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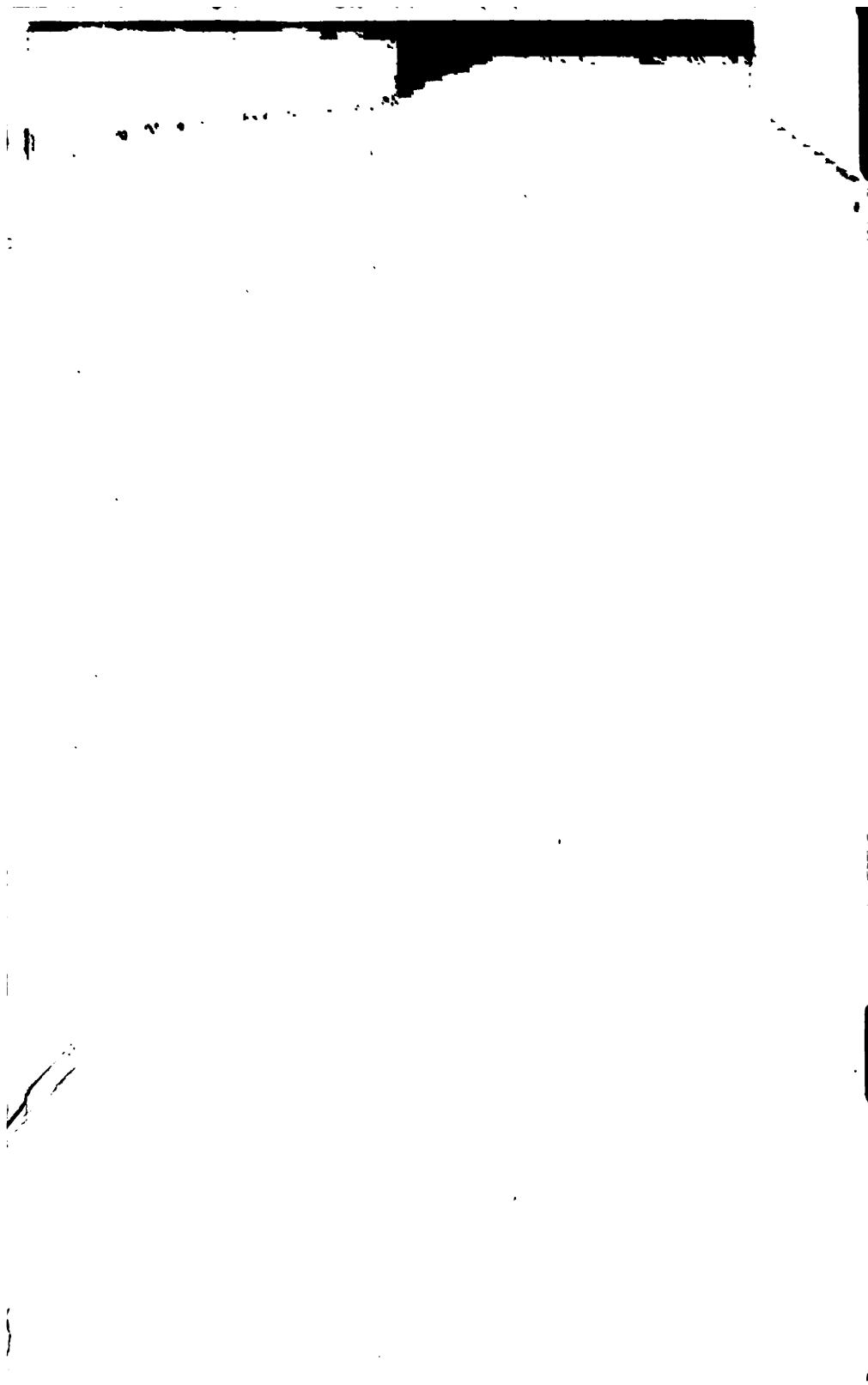
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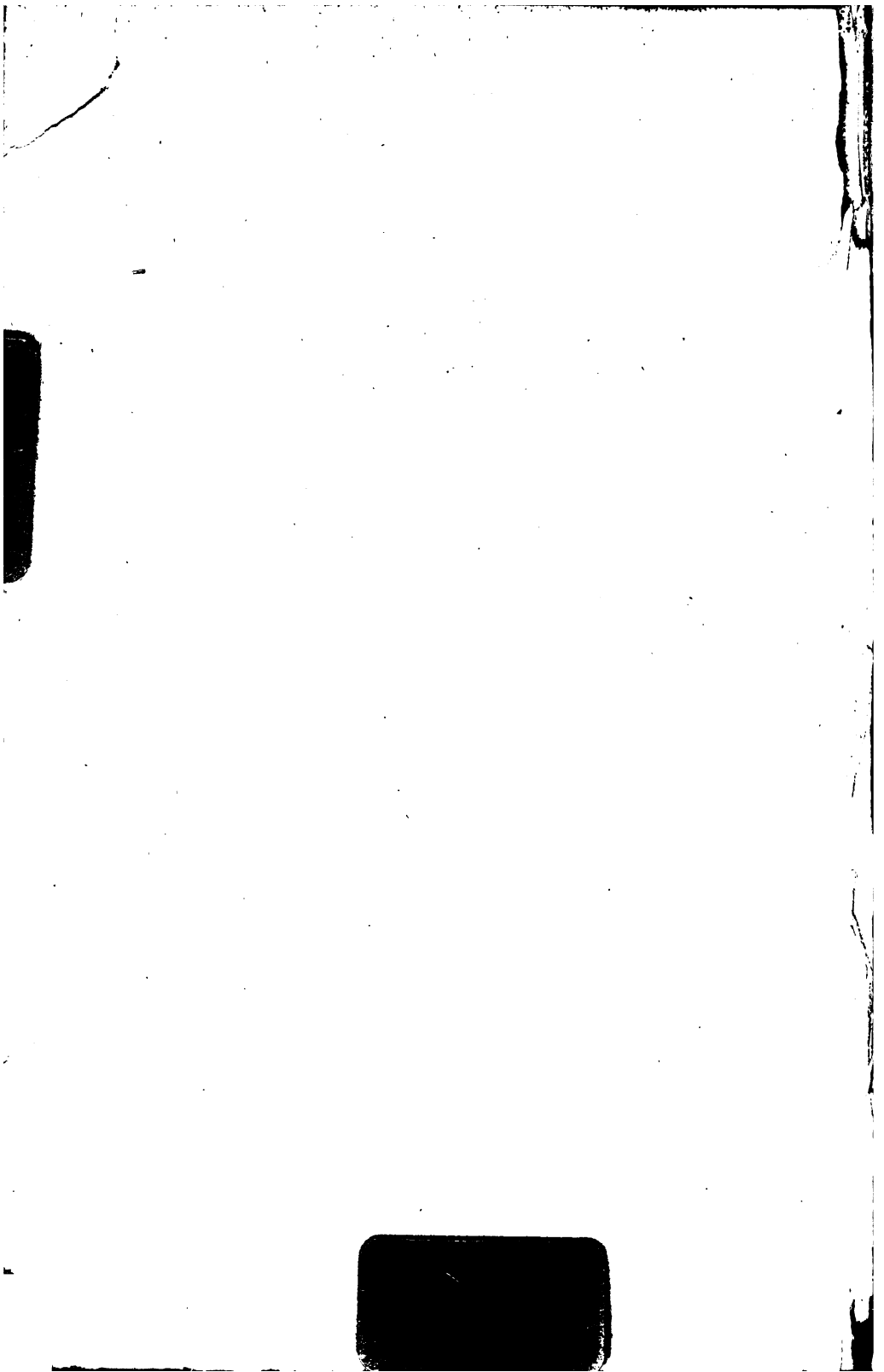
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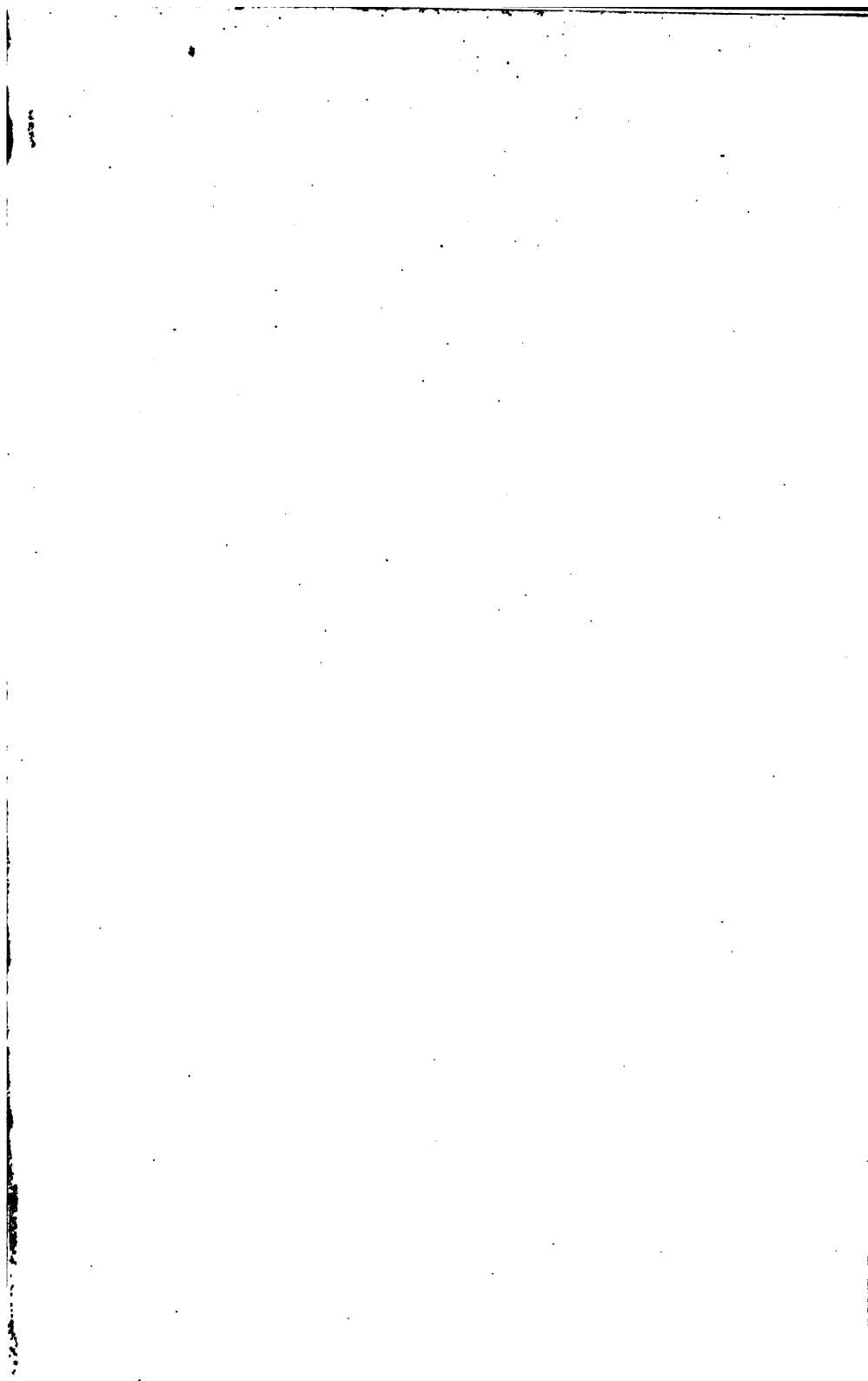


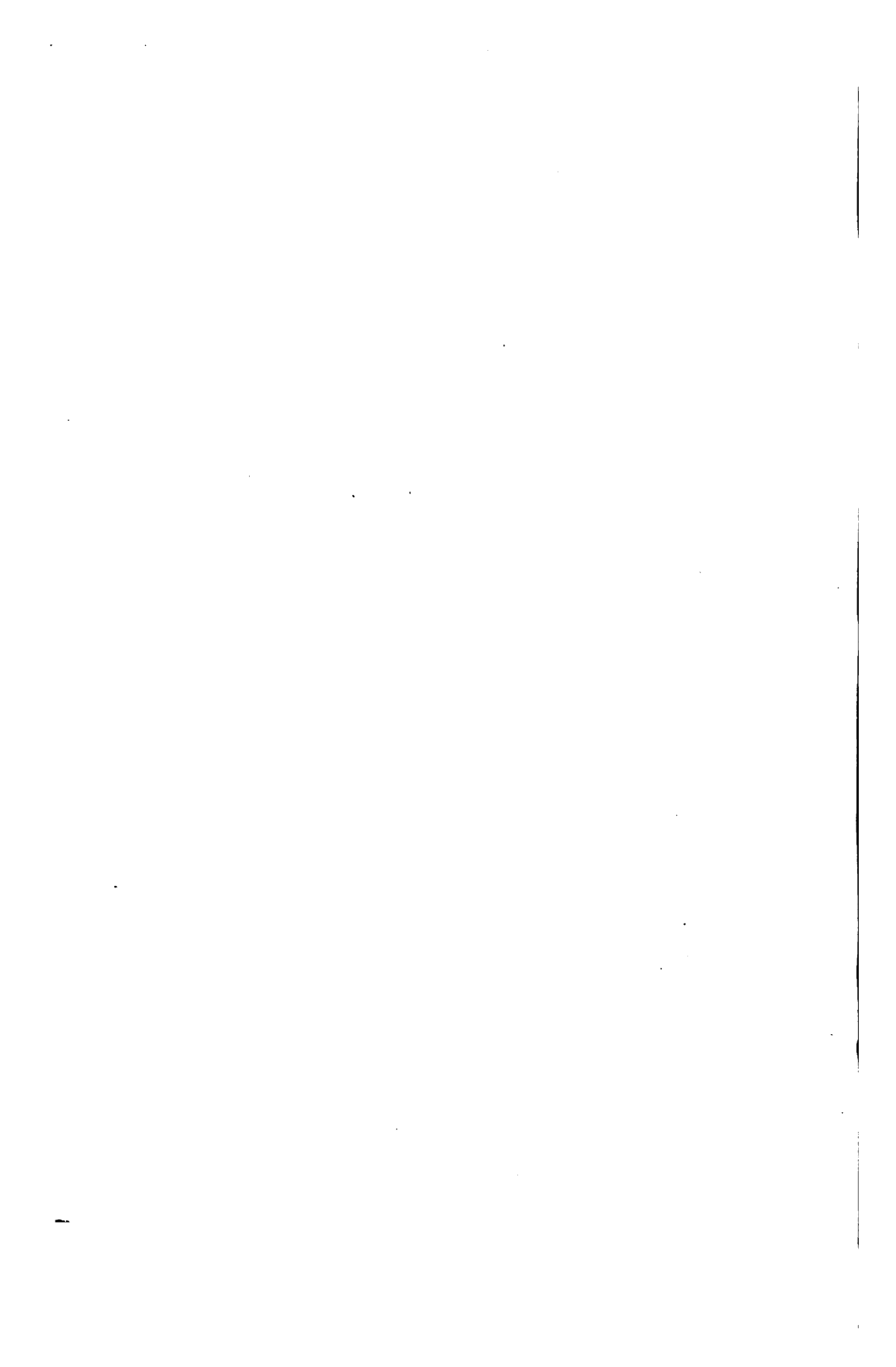
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# RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES OF REPTON

EDITED

IN THE YEAR OF HER SEVENTH JUBILEE

BY

G. S. MESSITER, O.R.

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REPTON :

A. J. LAWRENCE, PRINTER TO THE SCHOOL.

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## APOLOGY.

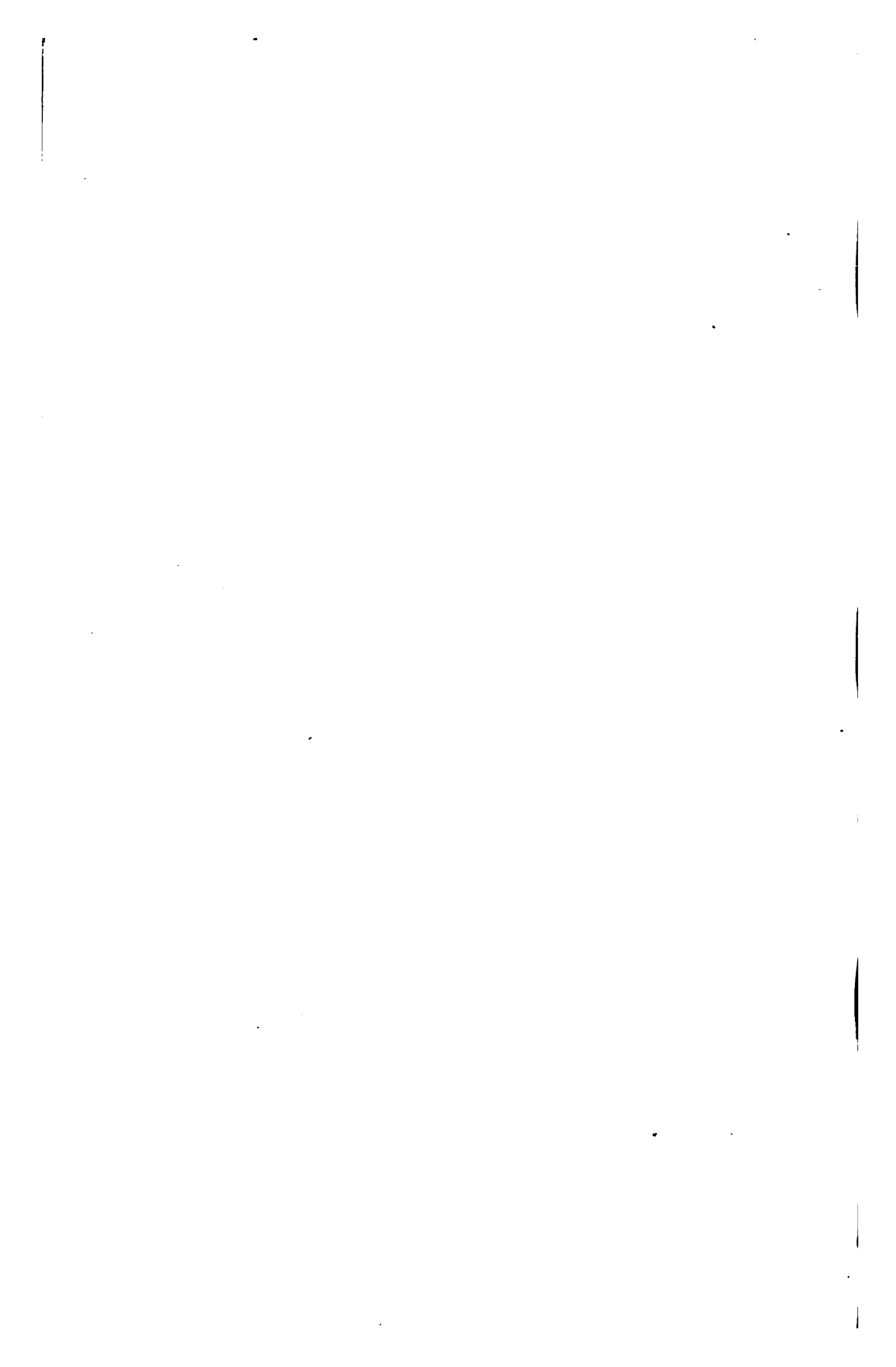
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ON looking over the following pages I am reminded of the schoolboy who, when asked to write some account of Tennyson's Princess, could quote no more than the poet's own description of it: nevertheless I trust that my "Medley" will not prove uninteresting to Reptonians both Past and Present.

Many of the items noted are of course trivial, but, like the common shell which has become fossilized, they may be of interest to the geologist of later days.

Of tradition and anecdote I have recorded what I could, but such *ἐπεα πτερόεντα* seldom come home to roost, and must be captured on the wing.

G. S. M.



# RECORDS.

## REPTON PRIORY SCHOOL.

THE earliest of our School Buildings included only those known to-day as The Priory, exclusive of The Hall. Hence the School was known as "Repton Priory School."

There are entries in the College Registers at Cambridge of the admission of O.R.s as coming from "Repton Priory School." Moreover the name "Priory" was transferred to The Hall when that house became the residence of the Headmaster in 1768.

Mr. Macaulay dated his school reports from "The Priory," and Canon Macaulay records that letters to Dr. Peile's house were usually addressed to "The Priory" in his day.

After the dissolution of the monasteries our Priory was granted to one Thomas Thacker, whose son Gilbert (the same who demolished the beautiful church of the Priory), sold the buildings, except The Hall, to the executors of Sir John Port in the year 1559, for the sum of £37 10s.

From the first the Headmaster lived in the North end of The Priory and the Usher at the other end.

Meanwhile the Thackers occupied The Hall till 1728, when the property was left to Sir R. Burdett, whose family, forty years later, let the house to the Hereditary Governors, from which date it has always been the residence of the Headmasters. It became School property in 1891.

At the same time it was arranged that both the Ushers should reside in The Priory; the 1st Usher has usually lived at the North end, though this arrangement seems to have been interrupted on two occasions at least.

In the Order sanctioning the migration of the Headmaster to The Hall, it is distinctly ordered that the 2nd Usher, Mr. Daniel Bradney, should use the house vacated by the Head-

master ; but this appears to have been merely a temporary arrangement.

Again it is on record that " Dr." (Surgeon) Watkins lived in the 3rd Master's house at the South end, and Mr. Tomkins in the 2nd Master's house, though the latter was the 2nd Usher (or 3rd Master). Moreover the said Dr. Watkins was never a member of the School staff, but lived in The Priory, where he had 8 boarders, renting his quarters from " Parson " Hutchinson, who was the 1st Usher, but was allowed by the Headmaster, Dr. Stevens, to live in the village and take boarders. Tradition says he had as many as 30 in the houses at the bend of the road opposite the new Lych-gate and Church-yard wall. These strange doings lasted till Dr. Sleath came in 1800, when he promptly put things right and turned a few persons to the ' right about.'

Under the Founder's Will " A Grammar School " was to be kept in Etwall or Repton by " A Priest well learned, and graduate, assisted by an Usher."

They were to receive respectively Twenty Pounds and Ten Pounds as their annual salary "for their travail" in keeping the School.

In 1621 King James granted a Special Charter to The Master (of the Hospital), Schoolmaster, Ushers, Poor Men, and Poor Scholars; the management of the estates was entrusted to the said Master, Schoolmaster, and Ushers, together with three of the ancientest of the Poor Men, the Master of the Hospital being appointed as the Bursar of the Corporation.

Over this Corporate Body Sir John Harpur (whose family had apparently managed the estates up to this date), was appointed First Governor; after his death four Hereditary Governors came into office, three of them representing the Founder's three sons-in-law and the other the Harpur family.

Under this Charter the number of Ushers was doubled, the special duty of the 1st Usher was " to teach grammar," of the 2nd "to teach to write, cyphers, and cast accompt." The Headmaster's annual salary was fixed at £40, while the Ushers received respectively £20 and £15.

The Governing Body has been altered from time to time: in 1874 the greatest change was made after an enquiry by the Charity Commissioners, when a new set of Governors was appointed, including the Hereditary Governors but excluding all persons drawing salaries from the endowments. This scheme has been quite recently modified by the Board of Education.

### THE PRIORY HOUSES.

THE earliest description of these buildings as School buildings occurs in the deed conveying this part of the Priory property from Mr. Thacker to the executors of Sir John Port, in the year 1559, for the "Whole sune of Thyrtie and seven pounds tenn shillings of currant money of England." For this value the following property was granted: "One  
 "large greate and heygh house sett and sytuate near to  
 "the kitchen of Mr. Thacker, comonly called the  
 "Fermyre (Infirmmary)" together with "the ground and  
 "Soyle upon which the Schoole M<sup>r</sup>. his lodgings is now  
 "newly erected," and also "the p<sup>c</sup>ell of ground upon the  
 "est pte adjoyning to the side of the s<sup>d</sup>. greate long house,  
 "which lately was called the Cloyster and one other roome  
 "lately called the Fratrye, as the same are now enclosed  
 "togeyther w<sup>th</sup> a new wall."

The "roomes," or spaces, here mentioned became the gardens of the Headmaster and his Usher, then living in the present Priory.

The *original* depth from West to East, of this long house is shown by the distance between the thick walls which enclosed the Cellarium of The Priory; this Cellarium being divided by the line of pillars, originally six in number. (See Mr. Hipkins' *Repton and its Neighbourhood*).

The "newly erected Master his lodgings" almost certainly included the old Sixth Form Library and the room below it.

The following Headmasters lived in The Priory; but the dates of the earlier Masters are uncertain and very possibly the list is incomplete.

## HEADMASTERS WHO LIVED IN THE PRIORY.

1557—	Sir William Perryn, B.D. Whitham. Spannard. Starkey. Pawlett.
—1589	Norton.
1594—	Ralphe Watson, B.A.
1602—1621	Thomas Blandey.
*1621—1639	Thomas Whitehead, M.A.
1639—1642	Philip Ward, O.R., M.A.
1642—1667	William Ullock, O.R., M.A.
1667—1672	Joseph Sedgwicke, M.A.
1672—1680	Edward Litherland, M.A.
1680—1705	John Doughty, M.A.
1705—1713	Edward Abbott, M.A.
1713—1723	Thomas Gawton, M.A.
1723—1724	William Dudson, M.A.
1724—1741	George Fletcher, M.A.
1741—1767	William Asteley, O.R., M.A.
1767—	William Prior, D.D., who migrated to the Hall, August 31st, 1768.

Of the above-named Headmasters Mr. Ullock is the one of whom we know the most; the famous trial *The School v. Thacker* was held in his time and in the depositions of the witnesses Messrs. Watson, Blandey, Whitehead, and Ward are mentioned as his predecessors. The first of these stalled his "Cowes" in The Priory! Of Mr. Fletcher we know from an interesting letter of an O.R., dated 1728, that he had no room in his house for more than "13 Borders." There is extant a portrait of this Headmaster by Kneller, of which Mr. Vassall has obtained an excellent reproduction.

The last Headmaster to live in The Priory was Dr. Prior,

\* Mr. Whitehead may have succeeded Mr. Blandey earlier than 1621 as in the Charter of that date he is described as "the first and *present* School-master."



who migrated to The Hall in 1768, leaving both Priory Houses for the use of the two Ushers.

I have referred elsewhere (see " Repton Priory School ") to some of the occupants of The Priory in the days of Dr. Stevens, who followed Dr Prior.

From 1800, when Dr. Sleath became Headmaster, the First Usher always occupied the house at the North end of The Priory and the Second Usher the other, according to the subjoined list.

#### FIRST USHERS.

1800—1821	Rev. J. Chamberlayne.
1821—1837	Rev. M. Witt.
1838—1845	Rev. W. Stoddart.
1845—1851	Rev. J. G. Sheppard.
1852—1874	Rev. G. M. Messiter.

#### SECOND USHERS.

1800—1807?	Carver.
1807—1834	George Gregory.
1835—1840	Rev. H. S. Dickinson.
1840—1845	Rev. J Garvey.
1846—1851	Rev. G. M. Messiter.
1852	Rev. W. W. Howard.
1852—1883	Rev. G. P. Clarke (Clucas).

Mr. Clarke left The Priory in 1870, but he sub-let his official residence (The Little Priory), to Messrs. Bagshawe and Hughes in succession, between 1871 and 1874. When Mr. Hughes was appointed to the larger house, Mr. Clarke most kindly lent the smaller house to Mrs. Messiter for a year, after which the Governors resumed possession of it for school purposes. Early in 1876 the upper rooms were taken into Mr. Hughes' house, and subsequently the Governors consented to a similar transfer of the lower rooms. Mr. Hipkins tells me that the change was not completed till he became the house-master of The Priory.

Of other changes in these buildings it may be noted that in Mr. Messiter's time the three studies in the garden were built; the four new bedrooms with dormer windows overlooking the schoolyard were added; and a new boys' entrance was made where there is now a study window. This door was no longer required when the two houses were thrown into one. In the family portion of the house the entrance hall was tiled and the modern stone block was built in the angle previously overlooked by the window (still in existence) at the top of the stone staircase. This block was afterwards enlarged by Mr. Hipkins.

The present master of The Priory has taken the *old* Sixth Form Library into his house and made not a few changes and improvements in the double house, including the addition of changing room and new bath room. He has also laid bare the old oak of panels and beams in the entrance hall, dining hall, and studies. For many years one room in The Priory House was used as a classroom, I refer, of course, to the "Audit Room." It was the Audit Room of the Corporation till 1874; also the classroom of the 1st Usher, or 2nd Master, till Mr. Messiter moved to the new Lower Fifth room in 1864; it was also used out of school hours as a study for the Juniors, for whom no other room could be found till the garden studies were built.

As long as this room was used by the Corporation it contained the Audit Chest, described in a separate article.

The doorway which Mr. Vassall re-opened into the porch of the old Big School, as an emergency exit, had been used by the Masters of the Little Priory, till Mr. Clarke closed it during his residence there as Second Usher.

#### HOUSES OUTSIDE ARCH.

Mr. Johnson commenced taking boarders in 1857, the year of the Tercentenary; he lived at first in the Vicarage, which he enlarged for the purpose; thence in 1860 he moved into

the larger house which had been built by Dr. Pears. The house has been occupied by P. G. Exham, O.R., since 1897, and has recently been enlarged. It is now School property.

Mr. Latham built his own house and opened it in 1858, having previously collected a few boys in the house which was afterwards a School Sanatorium. The boys' rooms were arranged on the Harrow system, study and bedroom combined, the beds being folded back into closed compartments (like wardrobes) during the day time!

When Mr. Latham went to Matlock in 1875, Mr. Fowler took on the house. He altered the bedroom arrangements so that studies were no longer used as bedrooms.

The present occupier of the house, John Gould, O.R., succeeded in 1880. He made sundry changes and improvements including new bedrooms for 10 boys, reading-room, bath-rooms, &c.

Mr. Joseph Gould was the first master of the house which had been built by Dr. Pears on the site of the old "Mitre Inn." The house was opened in 1865, and enlarged by Mr. Gould in 1878. When he left Mr. Cattley followed; he has built additional accommodation such as bath-rooms and reading-rooms, &c., and quite recently further additions have been made. This house is now School property.

Mr. Estridge built his house on the site previously occupied by Dr. Hewgill's house. The new house was opened in 1869. When Mr. Estridge resigned in 1904, the house was enlarged and was taken on by Mr. Surtees. This house is also School property.

Mr. Clarke (later Clucas), who had taken a few boarders in The Priory from 1857, left his official residence and moved at the end of 1870 to The Lodge, where he continued to take boarders till he resigned in 1883. The house is no longer a School house.

Mr. Forman opened his house in 1880 on the site of the new "Mitre," which had been opened in place of the older hostelry of that sign. The present occupant, Mr. Shearme, succeeded to the house after Mr. Forman's decease in 1905.

J. H. Gurney, O.R., built his own house and started it as a boarding house in 1885; it ceased to be a School house in 1901, when its master was unfortunately obliged to resign his mastership in consequence of failing health.

#### OLD CLASSROOMS.

OLD LIBRARY: At the lower end of the large Schoolroom was a Small room with no furniture in it but the flogging block, beyond that another room, but I never got beyond the flogging block. I believe however that Macaulay taught the Sixth and, I think, the Fifth in that inner room.—R. S. W. Sitwell, 1834—1835.

The "Small room" with "another room beyond," referred to above, were entered from the Big School: the further room was the Study of the Headmaster and was entered also from The Priory. This entrance was probably closed when the Headmaster migrated to The Hall in 1768. In these rooms there were two very fine windows of stained glass, given by Dr. Sleath, representing the arms of the Founder and the three Hereditary Governors. They were removed to The Hall by Mr. Macaulay, with the donor's consent. He also (sometime after 1835) removed the division between the two rooms, signs of which may be clearly seen to this day dividing the room into two equal portions. The double room was known as the "Sixth Form Library" during the reigns of Doctors Peile and Pears. Dr. Sleath's picture hung in those days over the fireplace close to the Headmaster's desk; it is now with the other portraits of Headmasters in the Pears Hall.

The room is now in the private occupation of the master of The Priory, who has re-opened the doorway into it from his house and has closed the entrance from the Big School, which is itself now the Library.

BIG SCHOOL: Dr Bigsby writing of his own day (about 1820) says "At the extremity of the Schoolroom appears the

"Headmaster's seat surmounted by the arms of the Founder. The chair and desk are placed under a canopy of time-stained oak and occupy a raised stage, or platform, of the same material, ascended on either side by steps. The space thus separated from the floor beneath was formerly enclosed in the manner of a pew and contained seats for the accommodation of nearly the whole of the Sixth Form; the approach was by a door at either side situate above the steps. The surrounding wainscot and seats were removed to suit the requirements of the Anniversary Play of June 1821," and much to the regret of the historian they were never restored to their position.

As far as I can recollect the forms below the Fifth, including what used to be called the "Unplaced," were all taught in the large schoolroom. I perfectly recollect Hare's desk in the first corner and Witt's desk in the middle of the North side, but curiously I have no recollection of Gregory in that room. He may have had a classroom elsewhere, but I never was under him. R. S. W. Sitwell, 1834—1835.

[No doubt Gregory taught in the Writing School. Of him his daughter, Mrs. Thwaites, writes "My Father was a clever Mathematician and wrote an Arithmetic when at Repton." It was his grand-daughter (daughter of G. F. Gregory, O.R.), who founded the Gregory Scholarship for Mathematics in 1905, "as a thankoffering for the happy time that her Father and Uncles spent at Repton."]

In 1852 Dr. Peile took VIth and Vth in Library.

Messiter took IVth and IIIrd in Big School or Audit Room.

Howard took IInd in Big School and Mathematics in Audit Room.

Writing Master took Ist in Writing School.

In 1859 Dr. Pears took VIth in Library.

Johnson took U. Vth in Writing School.

Messiter took L. Vth in Audit Room.

Clarke took IVth in Trent Garden.

Latham took IIIrd in Trent Garden.

Gould took U. IInd in Big School.

Seaton took L. IInd in Big School.

Writing Master took Ist in Big School.

Big School continued to be used as a classroom till 1889, and after being completely lined with oak it became, in 1891, the Sixth Form Library, being also used as a classroom for that form till the Autumn of 1906, when the Sixth moved into their present quarters in the New Science Block.

WRITING SCHOOL: This room was probably built for the use of the Second Usher, appointed under the Charter of 1621, whose special duties were "to teach to write, cyphers, and cast accompt."

Possibly it was built of the stone taken from the Gate House, when that was removed.

In Dr. Pears' time it became the Upper Fifth classroom under Mr. Johnson, till in its turn it was demolished to open out the approach to the Pears Hall in 1886.

TRENT GARDEN SCHOOLS: These were built by Dr. Pears, at his own cost, in 1857, the year of the Tercentenary.

Mr. Clarke occupied the upper room, Mr. Latham the lower; when they moved to the new buildings close to the old Fives Court, they were followed by Mr. Joseph Gould, the Estridge brothers, and others, till the two rooms were demolished in 1886, when the classrooms under the Pears Hall were ready for use.

EARLIEST BUILDINGS BY BARN: The lower storey was built in 1861, at which date the Sixth Form migrated from the old Library. The upper portion was completed in 1864. These rooms have just been renovated and furnished with new desks, and electric light.

#### NEW BUILDINGS, 1882—1900.

The following notes are taken from the Diary which Dean Furneaux commenced when he came to the School.

Was  
1857  
1857  
1857  
1857

- 1883. The roof of The Hall was raised and new dormitories built. During the latter part of this work 44 of the Hall boys slept in the Big School for a couple of months in the Autumn Term.
- 1884. New Workshop built by Laboratory.  
Water Tower erected on Parson's Hills.  
The small Classroom and Workshop at East of Priory Church, projecting into Cricket field demolished.  
Level of new portion of Cricket ground towards the North raised.
- 1885. New study wing at Hall completed, replacing the studies built by Mr. Macaulay.  
New Dining Hall built at The Hall.  
New wall built up on remains of North aisle wall of Priory Church with material (carved stone, &c.) from the ruins.  
Wall taken down between School-yard and stone Class-rooms.
- 1886. Writing School demolished.  
Four new Classrooms under Pears Hall taken into use.
- 1887. Carpentering Shops near "The Boot," and Engineering Shop on Askew Hill commenced.
- 1888. Brick block (Old Music Room) South of Pears Hall taken down.  
New block, North East of Pears Hall completed.  
New Music Room, near "The Boot" begun.  
New road in front of Pears Hall made.
- 1889. Renovation of Big School commenced.
- 1891. Freehold of Hall, Cricket field, &c., purchased.
- 1893. New Sanatorium built.
- 1895. New Classrooms and Laboratories built on Upper Paddock.
- 1896. Three covered Fives Courts completed.  
Entrance Lodge given to School by Headmaster.
- 1898. School Laundry finished.  
Levelling of Hall Orchard commenced.

Since 1900.

New School Shop was opened in 1902.

New Science Block and Classrooms were opened by Sir Oliver Lodge, on Speech-Day, 1906.

### THE PEARS HALL.

THE foundations were commenced in December, 1884, and the building was declared open by Mr. Justice Denman on Speech-Day, 1886.

The window at the East end of the Hall was presented to the School by the Rev. John Gould, O.R. It is divided into fifteen lights, which are filled with subjects connected with the history of Repton and her School.

In the top five lights appear

St. Chad, Bishop of Mercia and Founder of the See of Lichfield, A.D. 669;

St. Guthlac, who resided for a time in Repton Abbey, and in whose honour a shrine was erected in the Priory;

Maud, or Matilda, (daughter of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, son of Henry I.), Foundress of Repton Priory, A.D. 1172;

St. Wereburga (daughter of Wulphere, King of Mercia), first Abbess of Repton Priory;

St. Wystan (son of Wimond, King of Mercia), murdered by his cousin Berfurd, at Wistanstowe, A.D. 850.

The middle lights shew the armorial bearings of the See of Lichfield; of Philip and Mary, in whose reign the School was founded; of Sir John Porte; of James I., who granted the Charter of 1621 to the School; and of the See of Southwell.

The lowest lights contain figures of Sir Thomas Gerard; of George Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon; of Sir John Porte; of Sir Thomas Stanhope; and of Sir Richard Harpur.

Of the above-named three married the Founder's three daughters, and Sir R. Harpur was his executor. The window



was designed and executed by Messrs. James Powell and Son.

The portrait of Dr. Sleath is by Thomas Barber, of Nottingham, and was originally presented to him in 1813. That of Dr. Peile is a copy by Mrs. L. A. Burd of the work by Rippingale; and Dr. Huckin's picture is a copy by the same lady of his portrait by Macartney; these two copies were given to the School by Dean Furneaux. Dr. Pears' portrait is by F. Grant, it was originally presented to Mrs. Pears in 1858, and was given to the School by the family.

The portrait of Dean Furneaux, painted by Charles Furse, was presented to the School by Old Reptonians. Mr. Justice Denman also presented his own picture, which was painted by Carter.

The Chair bearing Dr. Pears' monogram and crest was another gift from our recent Headmaster the Dean of Winchester.

### THE OLD AUDIT CHEST.

FOR many years the Governors met in the Audit Room at The Priory, and the Audit Chest stood in that room till the scheme of 1874 came into force. It is now placed in the School Library.

This interesting relic is referred to in several documents as "the Corporation Chest," "the Chest at Repton," or "the Muniment Chest."

It is made of oak and is bound with bands of elegant scroll work in iron; wherever these bands pass from a vertical to a horizontal plane they are hinged, whether at top or bottom, back or front. There are three locks of which the keys were kept respectively by the Master of the Hospital, the Headmaster, and the Senior of the three Old Men.

As to the date of this chest Messrs. Tonks of Birmingham give the following opinion, "We should be disposed to say "that the chest dates back to the 14th century, or even "earlier; the scroll work and shields are almost Norman in

"character and the whole thing is a magnificent example of "its class."

It is only fair however to state that other experts date it a century or two centuries later ; but even so it *may* be the same which is referred to in the Founder's will as "my great chest."

Among the piles of old papers which the chest contains are:

(i.) A deed in Latin purporting to have been signed by Sir John Port in 1523, on the 10th day of June in the 15th year of Henry VIII.

(ii.) "Mr. Thacker's Graunt of the Schole of Repton," dated 1559, on the 12th day of June in the 1st year of Elizabeth.

(iii.) A roll of Receipts for payments of Salaries, &c., by Mr. John Jackson, Master of the Hospital, dated 1657—1672.

(iv.) The Depositions of the Trial of 1664, dated on the 15th day of April in the 16th year of Charles II., (counting from January 30th, 1649).

(v.) A Writ with yellow wax seal, partly Latin, partly English, addressed to Gilbert Thacker, in which reference is made to a former document dated Friday the 23rd day of November, in the 18th year of Charles II. Then follows a mention of a certain cause standing to be heard on the "seaventh" day of June in the 17th year of Charles II., and the document itself is dated the 11th day of January in the 18th year of Charles II. At first sight these dates appear contradictory, as the context shews that they must be consecutive. But the difficulty is explained by the fact that the first date is reckoned from January 30th, 1649, and the two latter dates from May 8th, 1660.

So that the 3 dates are November 23rd, 1666; June 7th, 1676; and January 11th, 1678.

#### THE SCHOOL v. THACKER.

AFTER the dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., the King granted the Priory of Repton to Thomas Thacker, of Heage in the County of Derby, who took up his residence in

that part of the Priory, which had been the Infirmary; now known as the Hall. Thomas was succeeded by his son Gilbert, the same who in 1553, fearing the restoration of Popery under Queen Mary, destroyed the Priory Church, which stood on the site of the present Pears Hall.

In 1559 Mr. Thacker granted the Priory buildings (except the Hall) to the executors of Sir John Port, for the establishment of the School endowed under his will.

The lawsuits between the Thacker family and the School arose from the fact that the only approach to "Thacker's House" was down the School-yard, which was then the only playground for the boys.

In 1652 Gilbert, a grandson of the above-named Gilbert Thacker, had brought a suit against the School which seems to have been partially settled out of court, but, Thacker refusing to abide by the arbitrator's decision, the School brought a fresh action against him in 1664.

The depositions of the witnesses at this trial are recorded in two folios consisting of 147 and 124 sheets respectively. They are now in the Old Audit Chest of the Corporation.

For the School 26 witnesses appeared and 25 on the other side, among them two ex-Masters, the Rev. R. Jackson and the Rev. R. Dammes, gave evidence. The oldest of the witnesses described the state of affairs as far back as 1594, when the School buildings could not have been more than 34 years old. The depositions are described as being "taken at Derby the 15th day of April in the 16th yeare of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord Charles II.," before four Commissioners, "by virtue of His Majestie's Commission issued out of the High Court of Chancery empowering us or any three of us to examine witnesses in a cause depending in the said court, betweene the Master (of the Hospital), Schoolmaster, Ushers, poore men and poore Schollers of the Hospitall and free Schoole of Sir John Porte Knight in Etwall and Repton alias Repingdon"; and each folio is signed by three of the Commissioners.

In these records mention is made of :

(i.) "A long and high house," the present Priory buildings.  
 (ii.) "Master Thacker's old kitchin, commonly called the farmary (Infirmary)." The 'kitchin' was the old brick tower, the Overton Tower, still standing at the back of the Hall.

(iii.) "Master Thacker's Great Court Yard," the present School-yard, from the Arch to the pillars above the steps leading to the Hall.

(iv.) "Master Thacker's Inner Court," including the present playing yard of the Hall boys and the site of the dining-hall and adjacent studies, right through to the Old Trent.

(v.) "A Stone Causey," the sloping causeway between stone walls, leading up to the Big School.

(vi.) "Master Thacker's Great Gates," or "Gatehouse." This stood over the entrance of the yard, the present Arch being all that is left of it: the other portions were removed because they were gradually pushing the front out of the perpendicular.

(vii.) "An Old Lodge," just inside the Great Gates under the Churchyard wall.

(viii.) "A Saw Pitt," further down the yard under the Churchyard wall.

(ix.) "A building where the ancestors of Master Thacker "did use to lay their plowes, plough tymber, yoakes and "teames (reins or harness)." Traces of this may still be seen under the window of the Church to the South of the Chancel.

(x.) "A building adjoyning to the Chancell of Repton "Church formerly used as a lyme house and after as a coach-house." This was in use in Dr. Sleath's time, till he removed it in 1802 to open out the steps leading to the crypt.—Mr. Vassall has a picture shewing this building.

(xi.) "A House wherein two Ushers did successively dwell, "which said House was heretofore used parte of it for a dayry "house and parte for an apple chamber, and before that time "called the Wood House." This was probably in the present Trent Garden.

(xii.) "A Slaughter House and Slaughter House Yard." These were probably in the present Hall Garden!

(xiii.) "A way out of the Schoolemaster's Garden downe "to a brooke called Mill Brooke." This way had been closed by Master Thacker to annoy the Schoolmaster, Mr. Ullocke. It is now open through the East wall of the Priory garden. The Village stream in those days ran across the present cricket ground, entering under an arch in the old wall, where the Smithy used to stand in the sixties. It then passed through the Priory fish ponds on its way to the Old Trent. The same stream, or a portion of it, flowed close under the Priory walls; this is the stream referred to as the Mill Brooke—but it had been diverted by Sir John Harpur in 1606.

Some idea of the bitterness of the quarrel between Master Thacker and the School may be gathered from the following evidence.

It seems that in wet weather "upon a sudden pash of rain "there was usually a water course through the Court "Yard into Master Thacker's Inner Court Yard and by "his hall doore and so under the dogg kennell to the river." On such occasions "Master Thacker hath caused stones "and clodds to be laid to turne the water-course into the "Schoolemaster his lodgings, so that seaven or eight-and- "twenty peales full of water hath been laded forth at one "tyme." When Mr. Ullocke objected Mr. Thacker "bidd "him take the stones and clodds away if he durst," and "when some of the Schollers did throwe down the said "rise Mistress Thacker, the Defendant's wife, caused it bee "made upp againe."

On another occasion Mrs. Thacker seems to have been specially aggressive, for Anne Heyne, a servant of Mrs. Ullocke's, testifies that "Master Thacker did furiously assault "her Mistress as she stood at her owne doore and flung "her into her house and followed her and strucke her, and "after the Defendant Thacker's wife came to have strucke "the said Mistris Ullocke, and tore her owne gorgett "upon a neale." Then when the servant entreated them

"to cease abuseing of her Mistris, the said Defendant soe  
 "strucke her that he felled her to the ground and gave  
 "her a foule pinch by the arme and againe strucke  
 "Mistris Ullocke, and then Mistris Thacker, and her  
 "Sonne, ran upp to Master Ullocke's studdy and told  
 "him that his wife had abused her husband, whereas all  
 "the wrong that was offered was done by Master Thacker  
 "and his wife!"

Perhaps the most curious fact mentioned incidentally is that one Headmaster, Mr. Watson, "had liberty to keep cattle and  
 "did lye his Cowes in a lower roome under the Schoole"!

Occasionally the boys were allowed to play in the Staine-yard, or even in the Churchyard, and also "in the Winter time in the Schoole and hall adjoining." At one time, lest they should offend Mr. Thacker by playing too near to his house, "Monyters  
 "were appointed to over see that the Schollers went not  
 "lower in the Court Yard than the over end of the wall of  
 "the causey towards the Great Gates," and the O.R. who gave this evidence adds, "that he well remembers that hee  
 "was three tymes complayned against by the Monyters  
 "and accordingly whipped three tymes by Master  
 "Watson"!

Before 1621 the Headmaster had only one Usher to assist him, but after that date, under the Charter of King James I., the Corporation provided two Ushers.

Meanwhile the number of "Schollers" seems to have varied from 80 (about the year 1596) to something like 200. As however the School was a "Free Schoole" till the year 1768, one cannot help wondering how the boys were taught.

The majority of the boys in those days consisted of Home Boarders and boys who "tabled" or lodged in the village and neighbourhood.

Mr. Hipkins tells us in his *Repton and its Neighbourhood* that the Commissioners referred the differences between the School and Mr. Thacker to the Earl of Chesterfield. But, the defendant refusing to carry out the terms agreed upon, a writ was subsequently issued against him (this writ with its seal

of yellow wax is in the Audit Chest), and finally it was agreed that the School should build up the disputed way to the Mill Brook and give up the Slaughter House Yard. Both parties were to build a wall from the N. E. corner of the Chancel of the Church to the North side of the door of the Nether School House, and the boys were in future to play only between this wall and the Gate House.

A receipt for £14 19s. od., half the cost of the wall, proves that the wall and pillars were set up in 1670.

Dr. Sleath removed the gates in this wall and also the western portion of it, reducing the eastern portion to its present level, but leaving the pillars as they now stand in front of the Priory.

Of these gates the Rev. R. R. Rawlins, O.R. (1801—04), wrote to Mr. Bigsby, "I have often shut the gates, which "were hung between the two pillars to prevent egress at night, "so we were all, as it were, in a jail at the Hall; and gates "were also at the great arch of entrance, which have likewise "been taken away. This was before you came to School (in "1813). You will see the hinge-hooks still remaining, as also "the mark of the end of the wall, against the School wall."

#### GOVERNORS' ORDER OF 1768.

THE Orders of The Hereditary Governors sanctioning the Migration of the Headmaster from The Priory to The Hall in 1768, and also payment of Fees by certain Scholars.

We Francis Earl of Huntingdon, Philip Earl of Chesterfield, and William Cotton Esq. Governors of the Hospital and Free-School of Sir John Port Knight in Etwell and Repton alias Repingdon of the foundation of the said Sir John Port, having taken into consideration certain Proposals offered to us by the Rev. William Prior, Clerk, A.M.: Master of Repton School, and being of opinion that the said Proposals are reasonable, and tending to the Benefit of the said School, do constitute, and ordain as follows: Imprimis—That the house

taken of Sir Robert Burdett Bart. by the aforesaid William Prior, for the better accommodation of Boarders, be for the future (viz. so long as it shall be in the Occupation of the said William Prior, or any other Master of Repton School), considered in all points as the Master's house, the rent and all other expenses attending it being defrayed by the Corporation, on condition that the house heretofore allotted to the Master of the School be given up to the use of Mr. Daniel Bradney Deputy-Writing-Usher, so long as He is concerned in the said School.

Item, Whereas, on the consideration of the advanced Price in all the articles of Life, we are of opinion that the Salaries of the Master and Ushers are insufficient for the decent maintenance of Men of liberal Education, we do therefore ordain, for their better Encouragement in the discharge of their Duty, that the Master of Repton School be for the future allowed to demand of all such Scholars, as are not on the foundation under the title of Poor-Scholars, any sum not exceeding forty shillings per ann. for their Education. Viz., One Moiety to his Own use, and the other to the use of the Ushers (or their Deputies for the time being) in equal proportions.

Item, Whereas it will be of great use if a regular Plan be formed for the instruction of the Scholars in the School, and the well ordering and Government of them out of School-hours, We do direct and require the Ushers of the School to follow carefully and diligently such Plan as the Master shall lay down, and to give him their best Assistance in support of order and Discipline in every respect.

Lastly, We direct that the Master and Ushers shall each have a true copy of these Orders, and that the Original be deposited in the Corporation Chest. Given under our hands this thirty-first Day of August in the Year one thousand, seven hundred, and sixty-Eight.

Huntingdon.  
Chesterfield.  
W. Cotton.



I think this "*Deputy-Writing-Usher*," *i.e.*, 2nd Usher, held only a temporary post "so long as He" was "concerned in the said School," and when he retired, apparently with Mr. Lewis the 1st Usher, in 1770, the new Ushers succeeded, the 1st to the larger, the 2nd to the smaller house in the Priory.

### O. R. DINNERS.

From "Derby Mercury."

1774. The Meeting of Gentlemen educated at Repton School, under the Rev. Mr. Fletcher and the Rev. Mr. Asteley, is appointed to take place at the George Inn, Burton-on-Trent, on Tuesday 19th July.  
Dinner on Table at 2 o'clock.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, }  
Mr. J. S. Dawson, } Stewards.

1777. Do. do. at the Crown Inn, Burton, on Tuesday, 24th June.

Mr. J. W. Wilson, }  
Rev. Mr. Breck, } Stewards.

1780. Do. do. at the Crown Inn, Burton, 27th June.

Mr. Robt. Mynors, }  
Rev. George Greaves, } Stewards.

1782. Do. do. at the George Inn, Burton, 25th June.

Mr. Philip Burslem, }  
Rev. Mr. Orme. } Stewards.

1783. Do. do. at the Crown Inn, Burton, 3rd June.

Mr. Wm. Webb, }  
Rev. Wm. Edwards, } Stewards.

1784. Do. do. at the Town Hall, Burton, 1st June.

Rev. Wm. Webb, }  
Mr. Frs. Meynell, } Stewards.

Later Meetings (1824) took place at the "Mitre," Repton.  
"Ordinary," 6/-

Of the above-named Stewards only Messrs. Shaw, Greaves, Orme, and Edwards, appear in our Registers, as we have no further evidence that the others were ever at the School.

## OLD "MITRE" BILL.

THIS interesting relic of 1785 has a beautiful engraving of a Bishop's Mitre at the top, surrounded by elegant sprays of foliage. In a scroll above the Mitre appears *Clark*, the name of the Innkeeper, and in another scroll below is *Repton*, while just below this in very fine copper-plate is recorded the artist's name in the words, Darling fecit., Newport St., London.

The items of the bill are as follow :

					L. S. D.		
9	Breakfasts	...	...	...	0	6	0
10	Dinners	...	...	...	1	0	0
7	Do.	...	...	...	0	7	0
7	Suppers	...	...	...	0	7	0
8	Pts. Wine	...	...	...	1	0	0
	Ale	...	...	...	1	15	0
	Punch	...	...	...	0	8	0
	Hay	...	...	...	0	3	2
	Corn	...	...	...	0	6	8
	Fruit	...	...	...	0	3	4
	Servants, &c.	...	...	...	0	2	4
	Horse-hire	...	...	...	0	1	6
	Servants of the House	...	...	...	0	4	0
					<hr/> £6 4 0 <hr/>		

The bill is endorsed 8th October, 1785. Examined and allowed by us,

N. Curzon.

W. B. Stevens.

Richard Tomkins

Lord Scarsdale has no doubt that the signature N. Curzon is that of Nathaniel Curzon, eldest son of the 1st Lord Scarsdale. He himself succeeded to the title in 1804, and, according to Dr. Sleath's Register, sent two of his sons to Repton the following year, most likely he was acting for one of the Hereditary Governors; W. B. Stevens was the Head-

master of the School ; and Richard Tomkins was 2nd Usher.

In those days, and indeed much later, the members of the Corporation attending an Audit used to adjourn (after business in the old Audit Room) to The Mitre ; this bill is no doubt a record of one of these festive occasions. Of course the Auditors had no difficulty in passing the account, as they were themselves no doubt looking forward to carrying on the good custom at the close of this audit of 8th October.

### OUR REGISTERS.

THOUGH the School was founded in 1557, and entries appear in the latest printed edition of our Register under the years 1564 and 1565, there is no entry in the original manuscript of earlier date than 1675, the date of the list quoted on pp. 29—34 (of Register).

The next entries in the manuscript form the list under date 1714, quoted on pp. 41—45, which is followed by the names under date 1771, recorded in print on pp. 51—56, as far as the brothers named Greaves.

No Headmaster, except the one named in the heading of the list of 1714, is mentioned in the old Register till the arrival of Dr. Sleath in the year 1800. His record is the next after the three lists above mentioned. He begins his list with the names of some few boys who had entered under the previous Master. Unfortunately the record he has left of his own pupils is sadly incomplete, *e.g.*, the record of the year 1804 contains but 8 names. The entries seem to have been made at various times, compiled probably from mere memoranda or old lists, several names are repeated, and not a few are entered without regard to date of admission. It really looks as if the good Doctor had carried off the Register with him to Etwall, and had there filled in his period at his leisure.

His successor, Mr. Macaulay, left no list of admissions in his time ; possibly because the Register was not in evidence upon his arrival.

Can any O.R. say when and where the Register was first discovered after that date?

Our record of entries under this Master has been compiled chiefly from old School lists of the period. The oldest printed list extant is that for the Half-year ending Christmas 1832, the first published by Macaulay, which contains the names of 37 boys, one of whom, Peter ma., is still living.

Of these lists 13 exist, some being duplicate copies, which, together with 20 lists of Dr. Peile's time, are now in the School Library.

From the year 1841 the Registers have been kept continuously and with more detail than before that date.

#### SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

##### *Foundation Scholarships—*

THE earliest Foundation Scholars, 4 in number, were appointed under the Charter of 1621. The first four are named in the Charter: Francis Hind, William Fairbarne, Thomas Goodanter, and Gilbert Ward. It was ordained that the 3 Hereditary Governors, the Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Gerard, should nominate the Scholars in succession, together with Sir John Harpur. Hence these Scholarships are known as the Port and Harpur Foundation Scholarships. At first they were worth only £5 per annum, as long as the holder remained in the School.

In the year 1763 the value was raised to £7 per annum for not more than 7 years, unless the Headmaster could certify the holder fit to proceed to Oxford or Cambridge.

The Foundation Scholars wore a special dress of blue cloth with brass buttons bearing the crest of Sir John Port, they had to appear *once* thus, after which the brass buttons were cut off and replaced by others. This dress was worn in the time of Dr. Sleath, for W. H. Henslowe, O.R. (1812—14), writes: "I well remember the Foundation uniform of Sir "John Port, Latimer blue coat with device on brass buttons,

“and corduroy knee breeches. One of the least of these boys “was once found in a grocer’s sugar cask, upon which Dr. “Sleath always afterwards called him Diogenes.”

The following appears to have been the usual form in which a Governor nominated a boy for a Scholarship. The paper is in Dr. Sleath’s writing, and the notice, when duly filled in, was addressed to him because he, as Master of the Hospital, was the Bursar of the Corporation :

To the Rev. Dr. Sleath, Master of Etwall Hospital, and the Rev. John Heyrick Macaulay, Headmaster of Repton School :

I do hereby appoint        Smelt of Gedling in the County of Notts, son of the late Rev. Charles Smelt, of the same place, Clerk, a Scholar upon the foundation of Repton School, and I hereby request you to give him such allowances and payments which belong to the appointment and to educate him according to the statutes of the said School and the rules and regulations made as Bye-Laws in pursuance thereof.

The name of the nominating Governor is not given. Smelt, Register p. 99, seems to have justified his nomination.

When Dr. Pears came in 1854 he found that there were 8 Foundation Scholarships all given as previously by nomination, he induced the Governors to throw open half the Scholarships to be awarded by Competitive Examination. The first Open Scholarship under this new arrangement was gained by John Read Daniel in 1856.

In the Tercentenary Year, 1857, the Foundationers had the honour of heading the boys in the procession from the School to the Church. The eight Scholars of the day were J. R. Daniel, H. Cross, G. O. Vandeleur, F. Johnson, C. F. R. Allen, T. E. H. Cox, M. L. Bloxam, and G. Granville.

These Scholarships are now worth £40 per annum, and can be held for not more than four years.

*George Denman Scholarship—*

founded in memory of the Right Hon. George Denman, O.R., awarded annually, value £33.

*Douglas Marriott Exhibition—*

founded by bequest of Douglas Marriott, O.R., awarded annually, value £13.

*Entrance Scholarships—*

some five to ten, offered annually, the values vary from £20 to £80. The holders can retain them as long as they remain at the School.

*Foundation Exhibitions—*

two, tenable at any University, one of £50, tenable for three years, one of £25 for two years.

*Crewe Exhibition—*

this takes the place of the Crewe English Essay Prize, founded in memory of Sir G. H. Crewe, Bart, and is tenable at Oxford or Cambridge, value £12.

*Gregory Exhibition—*

founded by Miss Gregory, grand-daughter of Mr. George Gregory, one time 2nd Usher in the School, awarded for Mathematics, tenable at Cambridge, value £33.

The O.R. Society also offers Scholarships or Exhibitions from time to time.

## MEMORIAL PRIZES.

*Aylmer—*

for Divinity; founded by his father in memory of C. P. Aylmer, O.R.

*Clay—*

for Theology; founded by Miss S. Clay, of Warleigh, Essex.

*Furneaux—*

for General Knowledge; founded in honour of Dean Furneaux.

*Gell—*

for Greek Testament; given triennially by Trustees of Memorial Fund of late Rev. P. Gell.

*Hesse—*

for Divinity ; founded by his parents in memory of F. W. Hesse, O.R.

*Howe—*

for English Verse ; founded as testimonial to Earl Howe, acting Governor for Marquis of Hastings during his minority.

*Latham—*

for Classics ; founded in memory of Rev. E. Latham.

*Murray Smith—*

for English Literature ; founded in memory of R. S. Murray Smith, O.R.

*Peile—*

for Greek Prose and Verse ; founded as testimonial to Dr. Peile.

*Schreiber—*

for French and German ; founded in memory of H. H. Schreiber.

### THE SCHOOL BELL

USED to hang in the upper gable at the East end of The Hall, the same which has recently been hidden from view by the raising of the roof of the block of rooms above which the bell formerly lived.

It was removed October 27th, 1869, to the top of the then New Classrooms by the old Barn, whence it was again moved to its present position on the Porter's Lodge.

How one wishes that its tongue could tell us of the many generations of boys to whom it has so often rung out the old call, Run ! Run ! Schoolboys, Run !

### THE CHURCH SPIRE.

Extract from Repton Parish Magazine, April, 1889.

IN the College of Arms, London, there is a volume known to all archæologists as " Bassano's Church Notes," made during

a tour in Derbyshire about the year 1710. The writer of the notes saw, on a scroll of lead, fixed into the wall of the tower of Repton Church, these words: "This tower and spire were completed in the year 1340." The scroll has disappeared, but the spire still remains, much the same as it was five hundred and fifty-nine years ago! The earliest mention of its being repaired is in "Churchwarden's and Constables' Accounts," under the year 1609, where there is the following entry: "It payde for poyntinge the steeple £5." Bigsby refers to this, and adds that "the whites of a large quantity of eggs were mixed with the mortar. The eggs were collected by a poor widow of the parish." In the year 1722 it was struck by lightning and was rebuilt by John Platts and Ralph Tunnicliff, of Ashbourne, at a cost of £67. In 1784 the upper part was again injured by lightning, and rebuilt by Mr. Thompson, of Lichfield, and cost £60. In the year 1804, Joseph Barton, a native of Repton, fixed a series of twelve ladders to the south-eastern facet of the spire, mounted to the weather-cock, and brought it down. Adorned with streamers of ribbon, it was carried round the village, then repaired and replaced. Barton received £10, plus a goodly collection made among an admiring crowd of villagers, and others. Sad to relate, a few years later he met with his death whilst repairing the spire of Twyford Church; the scaffold gave way, he fell to the earth, and was picked up dead. During the years 1857-58 the spire was again repaired, a new weather-cock was placed on it, and to guard against lightning a conductor was fixed to the north-western facet. For some time past now (1889), a crack has been observed on the eastern facet of the spire, three or four courses from the top. On Friday, the 17th of March, Robert Holmes and Thomas Bignall, steeplejacks in the employ of Mr. J. W. Furse, of Nottingham, made an ascent (up the same south-eastern facet used by Joseph Barton), by ladders, eleven of them, each ten feet high. A careful examination proved that, in the repairing done in 1857, iron clamps were used to brace the stones; these clamps have oxydised and swollen so as to split many of the stones and joints. The pinnacles and



about thirty feet of the spire will have to be taken down and rebuilt, and in addition the whole of the tower and spire require pointing and other repairs, which the architect, Mr. R. Naylor, of Derby, estimates will cost £400.

The height of the tower is 90 feet, and that of the spire 112 feet.

The last repair by Mr. Furse, of Nottingham, was completed in the summer of 1899 at a total cost of £404 1s. 4d. As far as possible the old stones were used again when found to be sound, and both they and the new ones are now dowelled and clamped together with solid copper bands, so that at least 30 feet of the apex of the spire is now practically a solid mass.

During the repairs the weather-cock, before being regilded, was carried round the village by Robert Holmes, who allowed children and others to jump over it when lying on the ground, for coppers; so that now it is the proud boast of some that they "have jumped over the weather-cock of Repton Church!"

A. A. McMASTER, VICAR.

There was a boy in my time named Hannay, whom I saw perform what still seems to me a wonderful feat; he aimed a pebble at the weather-cock on the Church steeple, and repeatedly hit it!

E. D. GIRDLESTONE (1842—43).

One incident comes back to me now quite vividly, how [during the repairs of 1857—58] I was one of a party of boys who were asked to come and pull at a rope which had stuck at the top of the spire; we gave but one pull when the topmost 15 feet of the spire came down with a crash into the Churchyard, striking on its way one of the pinnacles of the tower, and I remember seeing Messiter rush out of the Priory to enquire what had caused the crash.

H. E. FANSHAWE (1855—62).

#### WILLINGTON BRIDGE.

THE Foundation Stone was laid in 1836, when the Headmaster, Mr. Macaulay, took a part in the ceremony; he had

the handling of coins of every description which bore the image and superscription of King William IV. These were immured in a stone under one of the buttresses on the upper side of the Repton end of the Bridge.

The Bridge was opened as a Toll-Bridge on August 7th, 1839, and was declared Free on August 1st, 1898.

Previously the river could be crossed at Willington only by the ferry or the ford. The former was above the site of the bridge and just below the Ferry Acres, approached by the old Tanyard Lane from the top of the Hall Orchard; the ford was lower down, opposite the end of the lane which runs to the river from the little bridge under which the Old Trent water enters the Steinyard.

There was also a short cut to the Ferry by a public footpath through the Churchyard, and across the Old Trent into the Tanyard Lane.

#### PRIORY EXCAVATIONS.

1809. Three cells (6 ft. X 4 ft.), containing three skeletons, discovered in Priory, when a laundry was being made for Mr. Chamberlayne.

1879. About this date two more skeletons found in Priory.

1883. Several skeletons uncovered close under floor of south aisle of Priory Church, (also a coin) when removing soil thence to raise level of Headmaster's Paddock preparatory to adding it to the cricket field.

Large tombstone excavated in centre of nave; washing revealed a cross in centre and partial inscription round the border. The full inscription was almost certainly as follows: "Orate pro anima Magistri Edmundi Duttoni, quondam canonici hujus ecclesiae, qui obiit VIII. Die Januarii anno Domini MCCCCL, cujus animae propitietur Deus, Amen." There are also letters at each side of the cross, forming a contraction of the legend "Jesu, Mercy."

About this date Mr. Hipkins re-opened the ancient doorway leading from Priory to the Mill Stream.

1884. Body found in stone coffin, 4 feet long, between two piers in South Chancel Aisle, body lying on right side with legs doubled back, heels against thighs, and knees against end of coffin. [The bones disinterred during excavations were all buried together inside Choir, a little north of entrance from the Pulpitum.]

Massive stone foundation wall discovered reaching from Hall westward to Churchyard wall: the north wall of New Study Wing was built upon it.

1885. Two fine stone coffins without covers found in Chapter House, about 3 feet below old floor level.

1887. Remains of ancient doorway from Cloisters to Chapter House discovered.

1892. Sun dial over entrance to Big School restored by the Headmaster.

1894. In altering rockery in south-east corner of Hall Garden, a brick room with barrel roof was discovered. This was the ancient passage from the Cloisters and Fraternity to the Infirmary.

The latest Priory excavation was made not among the foundations but in the west front. No doubt many O.R.s remember the hole on the left side of the entrance to the School, between the window and the door of Big School; boys used to drop paper, &c., into it. Mr. Vassall recently explored the space into which the paper fell. He found a short spiral staircase, one storey in height; the lower entrance, from the Schoolyard, is level with the ground. The stairs lead *out* again, so that they must have been the means of approaching a chamber which once existed on the outer face of the wall.

## REMINISCENCES.

LETTER OF AN O.R. OF 1728, AT WHICH TIME THE  
HEADMASTERS USED TO LIVE IN THE PRIORY.

Repton, Aug. 1st, 1728.

DEAR FATHER,

I am glad to Hear that you are in good Health I hope you left my mama well at Clifton there was a dancing master came to Repton and said that you ordered him to come My uncle edwards said when he was with me at Darby that he would have me not to learn of any other master but of Mr. Terrel and pray Let me Hear from you again soon and write me word wether I must learn or no and what you would have me to doe pray if you can send me word when my mama comes home Mr. Fletcher has thirteen Borders and I Believe there is more to come he has not room for ym Wille Cantrell has layn out of ye house for this week past and is to lye there till there is another bed put up I did lose my Breckfast last monday morning and so did most of the boys Because we could not say our Epistle Mr. Fletcher would not let us have any

So must conclude

Yo' most Dutifull

Son and Humble Servant

JNO. GISBORNE.

I Desire you would not  
tell any body y<sup>t</sup> we lost  
my breckfast not let Mr.  
Fletcher know y<sup>t</sup> I sent you word.

*Copied from "The Reptonian" of March, 1885.*

## JACOBITE LETTER OF A REPTON MASTER.

COPY of a letter written by the Rev. Edward Beech, 1st Usher 1729—1752, to Mr. John George, of The Hayes, near Crewe's Pond, inviting him to a Jacobite dinner-party on January 7th, 1745, just eleven months before the Young Pretender reached Derby.

At that time (and until August 31st, 1768, when Dr. Prior migrated to the Hall), the 1st Ushers lived at the south end of the Priory and the Headmasters at the north end. The Headmaster in 1745 was the Rev. William Asteley, brother-in-law of his predecessor, the Rev. George Fletcher, of whom there is extant a fine portrait attributed to Sir Godfrey Kneller. Arrangements are being made for a copy of this portrait to be added to the gallery of Headmasters in the Pears Hall.

Sr,—I invite you to take a bit of Dinner with me to-morrow, my intent is to have two or three honest men, the ill-natur'd may call 'em Jacobs, or by a worse name, that begins with ye Letter R—the middle is b, the end ls. If there should happen a nauseous Wh-gg amongst 'em, I hope you will have a nose sagacious enough to smell them out, and prudence (as the way now is) to behave civilly. I doubt not but you will be as safe here as under Mrs. George's Wing. If you offer to get valiant, or burst out, you shall have a friendly Monitor by you, who will gently tread upon your Toe and tell you the nights are dark and the roads dangerous for Travellers. I expect we shall be merry and drink a good health to the Church, the King and Success to his Majestie's Arms.

The Tap is good—send no excuse, *attamen ipse veni.*

fr

Your friend and humb. Servt.,

ED : BEECH.

Repton, janry 6th, 1745.

My complimt's attend Mrs. George and her female pretty Branches.

One o'th' Clock is ye latest Minute fixt.

*This letter is contributed by Mr. Vassall.*

## DR. SLEATH.

The boys were divided into "Fags," "Faggers," and "Neuters."

W. H. HENSLOWE (1812—14).

In summer time Prayers were held in the Big School after supper; the Doctor had a light on his desk under the old canopy. The boys used to take in cock-chafers and let them loose, as soon as prayers had commenced; of course they made straight for the light, and when there had been a large catch beforehand the poor Doctor was much harassed by the repeated buzzing of these noisy insects.

In his time (as also subsequently) it was a not uncommon amusement to hook and haul up to the dormitories overlooking the Old Trent some of the ducks which frequented the banks. On one occasion the resultant feast was interrupted by an unexpected visit from the Doctor; one of the party had the presence of mind to invite him to share the feast and to their great relief he accepted the invitation, nor did he enquire too closely whence had come the ducks!

These stories used to be told by W. D. Fox (1818—24.)

The Dr. was very fond of coursing and fishing. He wore Hessian boots and blue worsted tights and spectacles. Bladon, his coachman, used to attend the coursing expeditions, and once when the Dr. looking through his glass espied, as he thought, a magnificent course, Bladon was obliged to confess that the chase was after calves!

I figured once on the stool of punishment, when a certain seller of besoms swore to me as the one who had disturbed her stock-in-trade. The boy who did the mischief was ready to confess and would have done so, but he, at the fatal juncture, was gone to bathe, and I could not make use of his assurance, as "telling" was not in etiquette. That was my only "hoist." The Dr. wrote to my father in sorrow, but did not of course apologize to me, and I never heard of his letter till two years afterwards.

P. CURTOIS (1819—21).

An inhabitant of Repton, whose name I forget, had a favourite peach tree in his garden. Finding the fruit diminish he suspected the boys of the School, and complained to Dr. Sleath, the then master, who told him to try and find out the culprits, and he would severely punish them. The man went home and carefully raked the border under the tree, so that no one could step on it without leaving a print of his shoe. In a day or two he came again, and renewed his complaint, and told the Doctor that the footprints were so plain that he thought the offender must be discovered. So the Doctor took the boys with him to the garden, and made them compare their shoes with the prints, but all were too small. At last one of the party said he thought the marks were more like those of the Doctor's own shoes! "Mine, my boy," said the Doctor, "do you think I would steal the man's peaches?—take my shoe and try it"—and it fitted exactly. I need hardly say that the boys had borrowed the Doctor's shoes, and taken care to leave exact impressions of the same on the border! I don't remember the result.

J. BRAMHALL (1822—29).

I fear I am now (1885) one of very few left of those at Repton with me or before me. There was Sam Brewin of Sheffield, of whom it was said that when espied by the then Sir H. Every's gamekeeper, poaching at Eggington, he took his gun to pieces, and swam the Trent. Sheffield friends of his were Parker and Shore, connected with the bank there. Shore and myself were the heroes of a preconcerted and pitched battle of 57 minutes, my second being A. Holden, and Shore's Roger Bass, brother of Michael, who knocked me clean over in the fight, because he thought I struck Shore unfairly. Shore had more science, but I was heavier, both 6 ft. Shore was three days a-bed after the fight, I was not fit to be seen.

Another famous fight was between Parker or Porter, and a son of Lord Waterpark; they were pursued from field to field with a round in each, by Sleath, the then Master, till he lost his glasses in a hedge.

R. WHISTON (1824—28).

On one occasion the boys for some reason or other drove a donkey into the Big Schoolroom. There was great merriment among the boys, as might be imagined, but the merriment was very quickly and effectually suppressed by Dr. Sleath's looking up and quietly observing, "There is no need, boys, for bringing Coals to Newcastle" !

This story used to be told by R. Whiston (1824—28).

In my time Dr. Sleath lived at Etwall, where he had become Master of the Hospital. I was often asked to take tea with the kind hearted old gentleman, who rather enjoyed giving me a lift with my verses, and listening to my accounts of our work and our amusements out of School.

G. DENMAN (1833—38).

#### MR. MACAULAY.

#### A BRIEF APPRECIATION OF HIM AND HIS TIME AT REPTON, CHIEFLY IN THE WORDS OF THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

" In the year 1833, when I entered the School, John Heyrick  
" Macaulay was the Head Master. He was a man of very  
" noble presence, of great natural abilities and conversational  
" powers, of stupendous memory, and with a voice like a  
" powerful organ ; (I shall never forget his reading of Judges v.),  
" much misunderstood, and even dreaded by the younger boys,  
" but found out as they grew older to be the soul of kindness  
" and helpfulness and sympathy. He had been recently  
" appointed upon the resignation of his venerable predecessor  
" Dr. Sleath. When Macaulay succeeded, the School con-  
" sisted of two classes of boys, Dr. Sleath's old pupils, and  
" Macaulay's pupils who had followed him from Plymouth.  
" The whole number of the boys in the School at that time  
" did not amount to more than 58. But what rendered the  
" Repton of that day so conspicuously different from the  
" Repton School of to-day, even more than the paucity of its  
" numbers, was the almost total absence of all those facilities



“ for games and exercises which are now happily considered  
 “ essential at a Public School. Cricket ground we had none.  
 “ Football was played upon the gravel, between the Arch,  
 “ and the broken pillars just below the East End of the  
 “ Church. No gymnasium, no fives court, no racquet court.  
 “ No wonder, then, that we were driven to invent exercises  
 “ and pursuits of a less desirable character, the most innocent of  
 “ which were racing with the Derby and Birmingham coaches  
 “ from Egginton to the Spread Eagle, running to Derby or  
 “ Burton and back between callings over, picking up 100 stones  
 “ a yard apart, one by one, and putting them into a basket as  
 “ fast as we could, with occasional paper-chases, which made  
 “ us a nuisance to the farmers for miles around. Greek and  
 “ Latin were then practically the only studies. No French,  
 “ no German, no Music, no Natural Science, Algebra was  
 “ almost entirely reserved for the University, Euclid was an  
 “ innovation during my time, not much relished by those for  
 “ whose benefit it was introduced. No chapel, no master’s  
 “ house beyond the Arch, no bridge (at first) across the Trent,  
 “ no railway to take us home. Yet, with all these imper-  
 “ fections, why do Macaulay’s boys still love the memories  
 “ of their Repton days? Why did even 50 boys resort to  
 “ Sir John Port’s old School? Why did we fairly hold our  
 “ own at Oxford and Cambridge against Eton and Harrow,  
 “ Winchester and Westminster, Shrewsbury and Rugby? I  
 “ am inclined to solve such questions, in part at least, by such  
 “ considerations as these.—The rare, almost unique, *genius*  
 “ *loci* of the old Mercian capital of Repandunum, the charm  
 “ of rustic English scenery within reach of nimble boyish  
 “ feet, in every direction from this spot, the reverential  
 “ spirit of historic love, which lingered round Church, and  
 “ Crypt, and Priory—surroundings such as these made up an  
 “ atmosphere eminently favourable to the pursuit of ‘the  
 “ ingenuous arts.’ They attached us to our School; they  
 “ tended to elevate the tone of Masters and boys, and infused  
 “ into our being,—though we understood it but little at the  
 “ time—a love of the beautiful, and a reverence for the giver

“ of all good. I remember the fact that, by a sort of instinct  
 “ I cannot explain, when we were reading the Georgics of  
 “ Virgil, I frequently climbed up a pollard oak, which stood in  
 “ a hedge on the bottom side of the Old Trent, and thereby  
 “ increased the enjoyment which even then I derived from the  
 “ thoughts and language of the mighty Mantuan. These are  
 “ some memories of Repton more than sixty years ago. My  
 “ dear old Master died. Sore grief it was to some of us, that  
 “ he did not live to see the success which his fine scholarship  
 “ and genial encouragement enabled many of his pupils to  
 “ achieve at either University. Nor was he less regretted  
 “ by the villagers; he had practically been the clergyman  
 “ of the parish for a considerable time, the incumbent was  
 “ old and ailing, and Macaulay not only took his duty in the  
 “ Church, but spent most of his leisure time in visiting the  
 “ sick and doing acts of charity to the poor.”

So far the words of “George Denman,” one of the most distinguished of “Old Reptonians.” No one knew, no one loved, the Repton of his day better than he. It may be permitted to one who was honoured to the last with “George Denman’s” friendship, and has himself known Repton well since the earliest of “the Forties” in the last century, to add a sentence or two to what he said. And it is simply this. The record of the Class Lists of Oxford and Cambridge ranging over less than one short decade (1834—1842) and containing the names of Woolcombe, Claughton, Denman, Peter and Selwyn, bear abundant testimony to the fact that Mr. Macaulay’s too short tenure of the Headmastership of Repton, established, at the old Universities, a reputation for sound Classical learning and brilliant Scholarship, altogether out of proportion to the numbers which, at that time, made up the scanty roll-call of the School. Mr. Macaulay was suddenly called to his rest, at the early age of 42, December 18th, 1840.

J. H. M.

# REMINISCENCES BY MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

## Extracts from his Letters to "The Reptonian."

ON the left as one walked down the Schoolyard were five magnificent elms, all in perfect condition; the stems which survive of three of these will give a notion of the loss sustained by the decay of these trees.

Everything to the east of the Old School was strictly out of bounds and cut off by walls and gates from the Schoolyard. No cricket ground!

Sometimes we would run across the fields (much frequented by plovers) to the "Coach and Horses," now the "Every Arms," at Eggington, and race the "Standard" or the "Rapid," Birmingham and Derby coaches, to the "Spread Eagle," and thence return across the ferry—all out of bounds!

Pugilistic encounters were not rare, and, except for the absence of ropes and stakes, they were conducted with strict regard to all the laws of the Ring, in the immediate neighbourhood of the sycamore in the field behind the Vicarage.

We were accomplished birds'-nesters in Foremark Woods and elsewhere—all out of bounds!

A London boy, if he wanted to get to Repton, had to book his place some days before in one of the coaches which ran to Derby on their way to Manchester. I generally travelled by "The Peveril" at night, and we used to race "The Bruce" for the start at Market Harborough, where our respective routes, which had parted at Barnet, converged again. We made the journey from Islington to Derby in fourteen hours, allowing 20 minutes for breakfast at Leicester. On arrival at "The White Lion" a fly was ordered for Repton, which I reached *via* the Willington Ferry.

On the occasion of my first arrival I was shown into the Dining-room at the Hall, then (for some reason unknown to me) called "The Priory," and there first I saw my new Head-master.

All our lessons, except those of the VIth, were taught and said in the Old School. The Sixth were in that portion of

the room adjoining (then partitioned into two) in which the old clock is now (1895), I believe, stowed away.

The Second Master was Mr. Witt, a charmingly easy-going white-headed old gentleman, with a wife whose look was very pleasant. I think he had four or five boarders; with this exception all the boarders were in the Hall.

The Writing and Arithmetic Master, Mr. Gregory, was a kind man, who never gave us much trouble: he was followed by Henry Strahan Dickinson, an Old Etonian and a Trinity man, with a marvellous faculty of doing "Longs and Shorts."

We called the Headmaster "Jack," and I must not omit to mention "Mother Mac," who kept house for him, tall, handsome, active, and kind-hearted, and full of sympathy for the boys in any illness or trouble, and for all the poor and sick in the parish, to whom she was a true friend.

The entrance to the Hall for Masters was as at present, that for the boys was not far from where it now is; but there were then no studies, no dining hall except the fine old room with pillars, inside the front door.

The boys' bedrooms were those on each side of the old gallery: the roofs of these were much lower than now, the floors were of concrete (very cold to the feet in winter!) Between 1833—38 the new dining hall and eight studies were built, each of which held two boys; but till this happened we all prepared our work under difficulties, and I often retired to an old crab tree in a hedge the other side of the wooden foot-bridge over the Old Trent.

The Ferry Boat at Willington was so large that I remember it once held a stage coach and four, which I had hired from Derby as the most convenient mode of taking me and some sixteen other boys away when the holidays began.

[The letters from which the above extracts are taken may be found in "The Reptonian" of 1895.]

Extracts from "Autobiographical Notes of George Denman,"  
kindly lent by his son, himself an O.R.

The want of regular playgrounds drove us to devise other

methods of obtaining the exercise which our youthful instincts required, and among these paperchases were perhaps the most popular. I find in a letter of May 24th, 1834, to my mother, the following passage: "On Saturday we had a fox-hunt. The fox was a very fast runner, and I was a hound, and took the lead all the way."

I soon afterwards had the satisfaction of receiving the name of "Fly" from our Master of the Hounds, and having obtained a needle and some Indian ink, inscribed that name with the figures 1835 upon my left arm, where it is plainly visible to this day (4/11/93). On one occasion I ran to Derby and back in two hours, which, by the old route across Willington Ferry, was then reckoned as seventeen miles; and the same afternoon to Burton and back, which was called nine miles: both distances were, I think, somewhat over-estimated, but probably the two journeys amounted to about twenty-three miles: all this without missing a calling-over—pretty well for a boy of fourteen or fifteen, for both journeys involve a good many steepish hills. In the year 1876, I, for the first time, was going on the Western Circuit, as a Judge. Before the Circuit began I received a letter nearly as follows: "My Lord, I daresay you will not remember my name, but perhaps I may recall it by reminding you that I fought for you at Repton." The letter then went on to offer hospitality, which I accepted on that and subsequent occasions, and was signed, "S. S. Cox."

Now there was at Repton an ancient custom among the boys, that the "Cock of the School" should have the right to have his Verses done for him by any of the lower boys whom he might select; and inasmuch as my bully had been for some time "Cock of the School," and I had the misfortune to possess considerable facility in doing Verses, I had had the misfortune also to have to write the necessary Verses for a boy whom I thoroughly disliked. But happily for me, at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, a rule of a different kind had lately been introduced, by which a boy who had not made sufficient progress to reach the highest form by a certain age, was obliged to leave the School. Under that rule Samuel Symes Cox, a

noble specimen of a Dorsetshire lad, rising eighteen years old and intended for the Army, had been obliged to leave Rugby, and was heartily welcome at Repton, and especially to me; for it was at once seen that a fight for the Cockship of the School was inevitable. This soon took place, and Cox became my owner (so far as the manufacture of Verses was concerned) and I his willing slave; and so he "fought for me at Repton," as his letter said.

The Old School, which is now converted into a library, was itself a noble room. It was said to have been the refectory of the monks; I understand that the better opinion is that it was their dormitory. The walls are some ten feet thick, the roof-beams gigantic, and there is, or was, an old oak door at one end, and a canopy of old oak at the other, [bearing the date 1650], which inspired awe into the minds of the boys, who had to enter the former, and to say their repetition at the latter, at the hour of 7 a.m., winter and summer.

In summer, when the Trent was at its best, it was a lovely stream, and the walk across the meadows was indeed exhilarating. There was the salmon-hole, 16 feet deep, for the boys who could swim, and the little boys' bathing place (within 200 yards) for those who could not. The latter, however, soon learnt that art, for we had a good plan of our own which, as it is I believe not generally known, I will describe for the benefit of whom it may concern. Many rushes and reeds grew on the bank; of these we gathered a good sized sheaf and placed it under our chests in shallow water, and struck out with hands and feet. The reeds kept us in the right position, but were gradually washed away as we moved on, until we found that we were swimming without them as well as we could do with their support. In this way I myself, and many other boys, learned to swim in one or two lessons, and were speedily promoted to the salmon-hole.

There was a boy whose name was Joe Miller who was remarkable for his activity of body, coupled with his imperturbability of mind. One night his bed took fire, and he only woke just in time to save himself from being badly burnt. He had gone

to sleep and slept till the candle had burnt down to the level of his pillow. The next morning "Mother Mac," as we called the noble old dame who acted as chief matron of her son "Jack's" house, thinking to make an impression on Joe Miller, said, "This ought to be an awful warning to you, Miller." To which Miller replied, "it was an awful *warming*, ma'am."

Old Sam Henson, the parish clerk, was one of the sights of Repton. He was taller than our Headmaster, with features almost as handsome, and weighed as much, or more. It was a grand sight to see the two march from the vestry-room and take their respective places, one on the lower, and the other on the middle deck of the old three-decker pulpit, etc., which stood in the middle of the nave of the old Church. Sam Henson had acquired a great reputation for capacity in the matter of beer; he was also an accomplished bell-ringer, and it was said that on the Coronation Day of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1838, he disposed of seven gallons of beer in the course of a long day's bell-ringing. Yet I never saw him apparently the worse for liquor. He lived to a great age (certainly well over eighty), and, as far as I know, was a good Christian in charity with all mankind. I saw him on his death-bed some twenty years ago, and he remembered me and most of my old school-fellows as though he had been one of us.

My old friend, R. G. Peter, prevented me from reaching the top of the School; I was never higher than second to him. It was the custom of the School that the head boy should write a Latin letter, at certain intervals, to one of the three hereditary governors of the School, asking for a whole holiday. Peter, in the discharge of that most popular of his functions as head boy, wrote letter after letter in Latin to Lord Chesterfield, asking for a whole holiday. No answer came. The boys grew impatient. Peter was strongly urged to write a letter in English; but steadily and properly refused to stretch his prerogative. A sort of deputation waited upon me as second boy, and implored me to address the noble Earl in English, and to remind him of his duty or privilege. Lord Chester-

field's bay horse, Don John, had just won the St. Leger. I wrote to his Lordship a very short letter, signed, "Don John," pointing out my right to ask a favour, and also the obvious propriety of allowing the Repton boys a holiday to give them an opportunity of celebrating my victory. And the holiday came by return of post.

G. DENMAN (1833—38).

The following extract belongs to the same period:—Mold eat 20 boiled eggs at Mother Mugg's after supper in hall for a wager. I think the feat should be recorded in the register: I was present at the operation. Mother Mugg's name was Mugliston, she had two daughters, one of whom married Measham and no doubt succeeded to the shop. There was no restriction in going out after supper as far as I can recollect. We certainly did go, and no doors were locked till bed-time. I suspect however that supper was earlier then than is usual now. We dined at one and had nothing till supper. We ran wild, robbed orchards or anything else we could lay our hands on. Not a Master was visible after School hours. The VIth were supposed to overlook us, but they and the Vth had their own rooms and we never saw them.

R. S. W. SITWELL (1834—35).

#### DR. PEILE.

WHEN Dr. Peile came from Durham to Repton in 1841, he brought with him the reputation of a scholar of remarkable distinction. He was one of the very few Cambridge undergraduates who have obtained the University Scholarship in their first year, beating in the field of Classics after a few months' residence, not only all the men of their own standing, but also the best scholars of the two years above them. It was in 1825 that he was Davies Scholar. He did not quite maintain this position in the examinations for the Classical Tripos and the Chancellor's Medals, being passed by William Selwyn; but he added to his classical honours a place in the middle of the Wranglers of the year 1828. He fulfilled his



early promise as a scholar by his learned editions of three of Æschylus' Plays. At Repton he followed a Headmaster who was also an accomplished scholar, and who taught and trained with success ; but the numbers of the School had fallen low, and Dr. Peile increased them by the pupils whom he attracted. I was one of those who thus became Repton boys. We, the Reptonians of that day, looked up to our teacher with well-deserved admiration, and he inoculated those of us who were high in the School with scholarly ambition ; he took great pains with us, and was himself ambitious for our success ; and his efforts were rewarded. In 1843 and 1845 the Senior Bell Scholarship fell to the lot of Reptonians. This, because it is a prize for those who have recently come up to the University, has always been reckoned a School distinction ; and in both those cases it was a special pride for Repton to beat Shrewsbury. We who were the more intimate pupils of Dr. Peile fully realized our indebtedness to him, and he honoured us with his friendship to the end of his life. The old-fashioned scholarship with which he had illustrated Æschylus he applied in later years to the New Testament, and there was much to be learnt from his analytical Edition of the Epistle to the Romans. The love of work and the conscientious fulfilment of duty which had marked his Headmastership he shewed, after leaving Repton, in the discharge of his various obligations as a parish clergyman. One of his sons has kept his name to the front in public life,—Sir James Peile—who rose to be a Member of the Council of India, and who died not long ago.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES (1842—44).

[It may be noted here that the Senior Bell Scholars referred to above are E. J. Selwyn and J. Ll. Daviès.]

In "*The Book of the Repton Tercentenary*" Dr. Pears has recorded of Dr. Peile that, in reply to the Rev. E. J. Selwyn who had proposed his health, "he returned thanks in a speech "of great beauty and fluency, and full of classical allusions "very happily introduced."

Unfortunately the local papers omitted to report this interesting speech.

## OAK APPLE DAY.

REGARDLESS of the damage we caused, we cut down large branches from oak trees in the vicinity, carried them in procession to the old Schoolroom, and arranged them on the desk and round the walls in rough fashion. On one occasion my father on going to his desk to read Prayers found it so encumbered with massive boughs that his entrance was not easy, and he pushed the so-called decorations on to the floor. This led to a change in the mode of decoration, less oak being used and flowers and flowering shrubs being employed, while greater taste and skill were shewn. I also remember instances of feeling against individual Masters being shewn by the treatment of their desks. On this occasion my father wore his scarlet doctor's gown and addressed a few words to his audience, which often included ladies. I remember my confusion on one occasion on being instructed after Prayers to take father's place in his desk and proclaim the customary whole holiday in memory of King Charles.

C. PEILE (1846—51).

May 29th was a great day. I remember the nettles. Dr. Peile dressed in scarlet robes and made us a speech.

J. MUGLISTON (1848—55).

Oak was collected, each Master's desk being decorated therewith, supplemented by flowers so far as they were obtainable, and any unlucky Master who happened to be in disrepute for the time being was favoured with nettle decoration, having for its frontage a nettle noose!

One May 29th there was a big fight between G. and long X. from Milton, upon which occasion the long man had to walk home to have a beefsteak put to his eye, instead of being a spectator at the ceremony of the nettles.

F. MESSITER (1850—55).

## GUY FAWKES DAY.

WE used to scour the country for wood for the bonfire, pulling the carts ourselves, one of the seniors taking the shafts,

while a crowd of boys with ropes attached gave the motive power. On one occasion Mr. Henry Allsopp, the brewer, afterwards Lord Hindlip I believe, was the tenant at Foremark Hall, Sir Robert Burdett's place, and invited us to go for wood. We were turned loose on a stack of faggots, and we loaded our carts so liberally that the crew of the cart I was with could not pull the load up the Boot Inn Hill at Repton. Another year the adjoining hamlet of Milton, much to the School's disgust, gathered a bonfire of their own in preparation for the Fifth, so on that day a company from the School with their carts made a dash into Milton and forcibly removed a portion of the bonfire to Repton.

C. PEILE (1846—51).

For days before the Fifth the boys borrowed carts from the surrounding farmers and others, and a team of boys was selected and attached to each cart, a big boy being selected for shaft horse, and a string of other boys doing work with ropes attached to the particular cart. In spare time each cart started off with its complement of donkeys in different directions and either begged or stole wood. This was carried on for several days before the event, the wood being gradually stacked in bonfire shape on the spare space just outside the schoolyard arch.

F. MESSITER (1850—55).

#### SPECIAL DECORATIONS.

I remember arches of flowers, &c. being placed as you mention, and imagine it would be on Speech days.

C. PEILE (1846—51).

The decorations referred to consisted of a couple of arches, the one spanning the entrance above the steps leading down to The Hall, the other stretching between the pillars in front of The Priory. I have also seen this latter opening closed by gates of trellis work, turning on the hinges which in earlier days carried the gates referred to in another article.

This temporary trellis work was covered with evergreens and flowers, and further adorned with flags.

## LETTER FROM CAPT. S. V. F. HENSLOWE.

THERE were only 85, all told, in my time at the "Priory" (Hall). I had a study with three others, the windows looked up towards the Old Arch, not one of the old gloomy holes which looked upon the Old Trent, from the windows of which fellows fished for ducks! I was "Boots" and had to make the toast—a round of bread and bowl of milk were all we got from the buttery hatch. The few boys who did not pay for a study had their breakfast and tea in Dining Hall; we in studies had what we liked for breakfast and tea. The only schools were the Big School, the Library, and the Writing School. The block and birches were kept in the Library.

The cricket ground was across the (Old) Trent; football was played between the Arch and the pillars with stone balls on the top.

There were plenty of fights under the old elm trees in the playground: I remember Baker and Peile having a set to and the Headmaster passing and taking no notice, though he must have heard the cries of "Go it, Baker! Go it, Peile!" Hannay was a great pugilist, though a little chap.

We were the worry of the Foremark keepers in bird-nesting season, and much poaching was done with night-lines and sniggles; Charlie Smelt gave them many a hard chase.

Having had scarlet fever the year before I went to Repton I suffered sometimes from swollen glands; the doctor, Taverner (Tabberer), lanced them for me once, I have the scar now; I remember Mrs. Peile was so kind to me.

Copestake we called the "Deer," very fleet of foot and a good jumper: he won the steeplechase while I was at Repton.

S. V. F. HENSLOWE (1842—43).

## GAMES AND SPORTS.

I remember the Cricket Ground being constructed. We used, in the Autumn Half (*i.e.*, in August), to have a match with a team from Cole Orton, Sir G. Beaumont's place. There were three brothers who shone in the cricket field: J. F., Horace, and Edward Bateman.

We did not play the Rugby game of football, and at one time played in the Schoolyard, which I remember was a rough site for the scrimmage.

I have a keen recollection of Paper Chases, especially near Bretby Park. Repton was an excellent place for making a collection of birds' eggs, the osier beds attracting the minor marsh birds.

There was some fair sport in the fishing line, my ally in that respect being Jack Turner, a sporting tailor, well known to many O.R.s. I well remember this man landing a salmon about the Ferry Acres.

As to hounds Sir Henry Every's pack of Beagles occasionally came over the Trent, and I have often attended on foot the meets of the Foxhounds, especially those at Bretby Park.

We also played at Fives, the court being inside the Arch and between that and our Paddock Gates. The Barn was fitted up as a gymnasium, and we passed through the Fives Court and the Barn into the unlevelled part of the Cricket Field.

C. PEILE (1846—51).

Jack Turner used to teach swimming at the Lower Bathing Place.

The Paddock Gates used to stand near the Writing School, and admitted to the Headmaster's Paddock, which was out of bounds; a road led from these gates to the Hall Stables, round the Headmaster's Kitchen Garden, which covered the ruins of the Priory Church. The south side of the Paddock was bounded by a fence which ran straight down from the south end of the Barn to the little Cricket Ground, till 1859, when the Second Ground was levelled, but for some time it remained at a lower level than the match ground; the Hall Paddock was also joined with what is referred to above as the "unlevelled portion," forming with it what was thenceforward known as the Upper Paddock.

In 1854, the last season in Dr. Peile's reign, Repton played a match *v.* Swepstone (near Atherstone). But the School team included one master, two boys who had left School, and at least two players who were never pupils at the School! The players were G. P. Clarke, (Clucas), J. Copestake, W. Copestake,

Kaye, Heywood, J. Peile, Holbrooke, H. Greatorex, Cox, Waldy, and C. Heaton (a friend of Mr. Clarke).

In 1855 it is recorded that Boys beat Masters by one wicket. In the same year another match was played *v.* Sweptstone on the 29th of May; the usual holiday was granted, but "no oak was allowed this year." The Repton XI. wore bright scarlet caps; the players being Tattersall at longstop, Cox as wicket-keeper, bowlers Marshall and Messiter, Holbrooke and Wilson strong in batting, with Smallwood, Prince, Macaulay, King and Hubbersty. The fielding of the team is said to have been "good."

The above notes are contributed by Miss Clucas, from some of her father's letters.

In 1858, on August 27th, the day after the Foundation Stone of the Chapel was laid, a cricket match, Past *v.* Present, was played; the following scores of the match are taken from a Derby paper :

PAST.		2nd Innings.	
1st Innings.			
H. Bateman, c Daniel, b Seymour .....	2	run out .....	0
W. Copestake, b J. Phillips .....	0	absent.	
G. Cox, b J. Phillips .....	11	lbw, b J. Phillips .....	0
H. Jefferson, b J. H. Smith .....	6	c Daniel, b J. H. Smith .....	1
J. Copestake, b S. Smith .....	18	b J. Phillips .....	0
J. F. Bateman, b J. Phillips .....	5	b J. Phillips .....	19
W. Smallwood, b S. Smith .....	14	b J. Phillips .....	0
G. W. R. Mackenzie, c Daniel, b S. Smith .....	10	b J. Phillips .....	1
P. Hubbersty, lbw, b S. Smith .....	4	b J. Phillips .....	0
S. Copestake, c Daniel, b S. Smith .....	0	b J. Phillips .....	1
L. Bloxam, not out .....	5	not out .....	1
Byes 19, leg-bye 1, wides 23 .....	43	Byes 8, leg-bye 1, wides 6 ...	15
	118		38
PRESENT.		2nd Innings.	
1st Innings.			
J. R. Daniel, b W. Copestake .....	5	st J. Copestake, b Bateman ...	5
J. E. Seymour, run out .....	1	lbw, b H. Bateman .....	5
W. Wyatt, b W. Copestake .....	2	c Copestake, b Bateman .....	0
A. Arden, c and b J. F. Bateman ...	20	not out .....	18
J. Phillips, run out .....	0		
J. H. Smith, c Cox, b J. F. Bateman ...	8		
S. Smith, b J. F. Bateman .....	0		
G. E. Dodsworth, st Smallwood .....	8	not out .....	1
G. Phillips, not out .....	7	c J. F. Bateman, b H. Bateman ...	2
C. F. Thornewill, c Smallwood, b J. F. Bateman .....	6		
A. Wilmot, b Hubbersty .....	6		
Byes 8, wides 9, no-ball 1 .....	18	Wide 1, bye 1, leg bye 1 ...	3
Total .....	81	Total .....	34

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Bloxam was in the School at the time, so he must have played as a substitute.

Wyatt tells me he still possesses his Cricket XI. Cap, "white with a pink ribbon round it."

In early days Repton played cricket with the schools at Bromsgrove and Birmingham: of a match with the latter school a friend tells me, "I played at Repton in (I think it was) 1860. A Repton boy named Daniel made a fine catch at point, holding the ball though it threw him on to his back, and another of the Repton boys hit a ball right out of the field. I was taken to lunch in a dining hall, with some pillars in it, half under ground, and the dinner came in through a hole in the wall, also one of the waiters was a black youth." Priory boys will recognise this description, and those of that date will remember the black youth.

Of the Uppingham matches, 1865—1906, Repton won 11, lost 15, 13 were drawn; in the years 1874, 1887, and 1901 no match was played.

Of the Malvern matches, 1871—1906, Repton won 18, lost 14, and 4 were drawn.

The following played in the first match *v.* Uppingham in 1865: S. T. Fitzherbert, A. U. Fanshawe, H. H. Stewart, C. A. Kemble, M. Washington, W. A. E. Vale Bagshawe, H. W. Dalton, C. W. Lyon, T. W. Wilson, A. D. Raven, and B. E. Cammell. They won the match by an innings and 38 runs.

Can anyone say what has become of the belt with silver buckle which Dr. Pears gave to the Captain of the Eleven?

Tobogganing was first seen at Repton on the 1st of March, 1886, when there was a heavy fall of snow, followed by a fortnight's skating on the Old Trent.

#### DR. PEARS.

DR. PEARS was a born ruler. His authority in no wise depended upon the outward paraphernalia at one time considered inseparable from the dignity of a Headmaster. I

believe he never made use of the old flogging block and seldom applied the cane; we rarely saw his scarlet robes, and some of his most impressive addresses were delivered at three o'clock call, when he had simply strolled up the yard, wearing his college cap indeed, but having omitted to don his master's gown. On such occasions he would sometimes tell the master of the week that his services were not required, and as he stood by the central desk in Big School (not on the raised platform at the end) the call proceeded, not a sound being heard save the voice of the Sixth Form boy and the responses of those who replied to the call of their names. Then would follow, in the quietest of tones, the rebuke he had come to administer.

One Tuesday we were told that the day before some farmer had reported that Repton boys had been riding sheep on the previous Sunday!

Before the address had ended we all felt that the School had disgraced itself, though the speaker had hardly raised his voice at all, and his only action was that of twirling the School key round a finger as he spoke. I am quite sure that as we filed out, more quietly and orderly than usual, the would-be ovestrians felt more sheepish than they had ever felt before.

The same quiet and convincing severity, mingled at times with keen sarcasm, marked his teaching in the Sixth, and yet this same Dominie could frolic with the youngest at any children's party. I remember his shewing us one Christmas how it was possible even for a Headmaster, sitting cross-legged on a broom-stick resting at its ends on a couple of chairs, and using only the support of a walking-stick, to knock off four oranges in succession from the nearest four corners of the chairs, without touching the ground with either hand or foot.

G. S. M.

#### THE TERCENTENARY.

"THE Book of the Repton Tercentenary, 1857," by Dr. Pears, gives a very interesting and detailed account of the celebration of this festival.



The Doctor's title page bears the apt quotation :

Δίκαιον αὐτοῖς τὴν τιμὴν ταύτην τῆς  
μνήμης δίδοσθαι.—THUC.

The following extract from his introductory notice is specially interesting at this time :

"The insertion of some particulars which may appear trifling  
"will be excused by those who reflect that such details increase  
"in value as years pass by, and that, if our hopes for Repton  
"are fulfilled, they will be matters of interest, *perhaps also of*  
"*precedent*, a hundred years hence."

On the first day, August 11th, a party of about 90 O.R.s dined together in the "Big School," the present Library.

The list of the Stewards contains 35 names of whom only the following are still living : Rev. J. Ll. Davies, Rev. R. G. Petre, W. W. Tailby, Rev. J. Worthington, and the Hon. Sec. (now Rev.) B. W. Spilsbury.

The party also included the members of the Sixth Form, whose names I quote in School order : W. L. Mugliston, W. Smallwood, J. H. Smith, F. Young, W. Wyatt, G. W. R. Mackenzie, C. F. Thornehill, and T. F. Salt.

On the following day, the Commemoration Service was held in the Church, the preacher being Dr. Vaughan, under whom Dr. Pears had worked as an assistant master at Harrow before coming to Repton. Before the service, Mugliston, the captain of the School, had delivered a Latin speech in memory of the Founder, and the Headmaster had read an Address in which he sketched the history of the School from its foundation, and shewed how the wishes of the Founder were being carried out.

After the service the visitors adjourned for lunch to the "Big School." It was at that meeting that at the proposal of Canon Woodrooffe, the father of a boy in the School, the fund was started for building our School Chapel, as a Memorial of the Tercentenary.

The Headmaster's address, Dr. Vaughan's sermon, and the Latin speech are all given at length in Dr. Pears' book.

The senior O.R. present at the festival was Dr. Lloyd, who had entered under Dr. Prior before he migrated to the Hall.

## LETTER FROM REV. CANON E. T. MARSHALL.

I went to Repton in 1857 and came in for the Tercentenary in my first half-year. We then had two regular vacations in the year with a week's break at Easter and Michaelmas, when only some of the boys went home. [The change from Half-years to Terms was made after the summer of 1859.] On the occasion of the Tercentenary festival there was a fine lunch for all the boys in Big School with hock!

In those days we played Prisoners' Base in the Schoolyard, and a very good game it was. As for Football, every boy had one blue and one red jersey and we played the Harrow game—"three yards" for every catch off the foot: it spoiled the game. We had holiday tasks then, which were principally learnt on the journey back to School.

The only out-match was with Birmingham, and later on with Uppingham. The Elevens shared in the ordinary School meals at the Houses.

*was  
G.F. 13* The Hall dormitories were floored with concrete; I can *feel* the cold of it to this day!

One Paper Chase the whole School were late for call and the Doctor stopped a half-holiday for it.

The new scheme was a long time under discussion by a Committee of the House of Commons; Lowe had lately made his famous speech on Reform and Bright had quoted against him the lines "Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias." An extract of Lowe's speech was one of the items on the Speech-day programme, and Pears took a copy of it to the House as a specimen of what the School was doing. There was a great laugh against Lowe that Bright's jibe had already come true.

I think you are right in saying that none below the Second XI. wore flannels, and I quite remember the "cheek" imputed to some small boys who broke out in them. Worked cricket belts were thought much of then.

I think that Spencer Smith was Captain and I Lieutenant of the Rifle Corps, the Sergeant's name was Ellison; we were dressed in Garibaldi flannel shirts and white trousers, and when we took part in a Field Day at Burton we were likened

(by a too flattering reporter) to a brick wall: we were armed (?) with carbines of Peninsula War type and were only allowed to snap caps in volley firing. I also seem to remember that when beer was served out to the men, we were promptly "doubled" off the field!

You may take the following as an instance of the gentle manners of the period: a boy in my study sliced off the fleshy end of his finger with a knife and left the bit on the table, while he flew off to the matron; when old Hewgill came he sent for the piece to stick on again, but alas! by that time it was in the inkpot!

The boys in the Hall studies [as in Dr. Sleath's time] used to fish for ducks with baited hooks and lines from the windows. It was a most effective and business-like method, because from the nature of the case the ducks were precluded from quacking as we hauled them up.

You must not omit to mention the Four-oar which we struggled to maintain on the Trent, in which David, and I think Herbert, Anderson had their first lessons in rowing; but the streams and floods and shallows were too much for us.

I remember a boy (whom I will not name) being called "Meat-hooks" because he wore a black lock of hair on each side of his face!

A familiar feature of the Fives Court was dear old Clarke in braces and a top hat! He was a first-rate player.

M. was a delightful fellow, but utterly idle and no scholar. I can hear old Johnson's "Sit down, Sir!" to this day, as he blandly rendered "Solve mares" "Loose the mares"!

One day in Mathematical hour in Sixth Form Library when we were very keen about the Rifle Corps, the word was passed down "Company! right wheel!" and those great big desks slowly moved across the room: all that the master said was "Less noise in the Sixth Form." The Upper Fifth were being taken at the same time, but they had no room to wheel.

I hope you will get in some reference to dear little Kochetzké: he was the kindest, friendliest, cleverest little failure of a Master that ever saw the inside of a Public School.

E. T. MARSHALL (1857—61).

## LETTER FROM A. J. RAM, K.C.

It is fifty years ago! In the first week in February, 1857, two small boys, standing ankle deep in snow, said good-bye to their father just outside "The Arch" and disconsolately went back to the study to which they had been allotted. Thus began four-and-a-half years of a very happy School life.

A great change had just come or rather was beginning to come over Repton. Dr. Pears had been appointed about two-and-a-half years previously, and his wise and efficient administration was already making itself felt: numbers were increasing, reforms were in progress, and the Repton of to-day may fairly date its renaissance from the time when he took the reins of office. Great scholars had preceded him—Macaulay and Peile—but Pears was to Repton what Arnold was to Rugby and Vaughan to Harrow, the regenerator, the founder of a new *régime*, the author of a new method. Happy the boys who lived under him, doubly happy those who by being in his house and attaining to the Upper Fifth and Sixth Forms, were brought into closest contact with his great and inspiring personality.

The second master was Mr. Messiter—manly, vigorous, kindly, hot-tempered, in all respects a pædagogue of the old school, of the best class of old pædagogues. He had been Captain of Rugby under Arnold, and rightly or wrongly was believed to have been "Cock" of the School, and was respected accordingly. No better than he could be found for thoroughly "grounding" a boy: it has been said that every horse that ever came between the knees of Assheton Smith was taught how to jump, and certainly every boy that ever passed through the Lower Fifth under Messiter knew his Latin and Greek Grammar. We had a Latin Syntax all our own, yclept Compendium compiled by Dr. Pears, and Messiter took good care that every boy had this at his finger (or other) ends before he had passed out of the block-cutting machinery of the Lower Fifth into the polishing department of the Upper Fifth.

It was into this form—the Lower Fifth—that I found my way on the first morning after my arrival, and thankful am I

for the year or year and a half which I spent under its thorough and stimulating master: thankful also that I escaped the weary process of painfully forging one's way through lower forms, taught perhaps by less efficient masters and cumbered with slow-moving dullards and idlers.

From the Lower Fifth one emerged into the Upper Fifth, which was taught, and admirably taught, for many a year by Mr. Johnson, the Senior Assistant Master. He had not Messiter's power of compelling a boy to learn, but, himself a finished scholar, he was an excellent teacher of one who knew how to learn; and few had passed through Messiter's mill without attaining some of this necessary knowledge.

Many who learned their first "scholarship" from Johnson have gone high and drunk "deep of the Pierian spring," and I am sure all will acknowledge that it was he who first put them on the right track and gave them a taste for the "divine draught."

I do not believe that—at any rate in the fifties and sixties—any boy could get a better Classical education than that which was afforded by a year or two under Messiter, succeeded by a year or two under Johnson and followed by a year or more in the Sixth under Dr. Pears. If Messiter pruned and watered the plant of learning (sometimes with the tears of the learner), if Johnson trained it, it was Dr. Pears who taught it how to flower. Devoid of the rugged force of Messiter, inferior in technical "scholarship" to Johnson, he surpassed them both in the priceless gift of carrying a pupil along with him in the perception and appreciation of the beauty of style, or the importance of the matter, of every author whom he touched and illuminated.

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal, Lucretius, he took his Sixth Form lightly and agreeably through them all, or rather through some of all of them, illustrating each by parallel or similar passages from English writers, teaching literature at large and turning drudgery into delight. Latin and Greek Verse, Latin and Greek Prose were admirably taught, rudimentarily by

Messiter, and thoroughly by Johnson, and we had the advantage, now I believe but scantily afforded at most public schools, of being compelled to learn by heart daily some 20 or 30 lines of prose or verse, all of which we had to repeat on Saturday morning, thus gaining a permanent store of classical literature and a happy faculty of learning by heart and remembering what one learnt.

As to other matters taught, French was doled out once a week to such as were conscientious enough to learn it, by one Koschetzky, a polyglot Pole, who had an enormous head, broad shoulders, attenuated legs, a very shaky hand (said by him to be due to much fencing in his early days but popularly attributed to absinthe), and an entire lack of authority. He also taught German to such as had attained to the Upper Fifth and preferred learning it to drawing caricatures or doing some other lesson during the rare hours allotted to Modern Languages. Ancient Geography and History were very well taught, and formed part of the regular work of the Fiftths and Sixth Forms; Modern Geography, not at all as far as I remember. I know that I learned what I know, long afterwards, chiefly from Continental Bradshaws and from following the courses of England's many "Little Wars." Modern History formed no part of "regular work," but was prescribed as Holiday Tasks chiefly in the form of Historical Novels. As soon however as one came under the magic touch of "the Dr.'s" hand, one was induced, by his frequent references to Modern Literature and Modern History, to read for oneself at least the more important and interesting passages in English, and sometimes in French History. I think that the principal fault in the teaching in the School lay in the lack of one or more young Masters, themselves first-class scholars and thoroughly abreast of the Scholarship taught and required at Oxford and Cambridge.

Lastly, as to Mathematics: these were taught by Mr. Clarke, the third master on the Foundation. I fear I did not profit much by his instruction; his house was a very small one, and he had the reputation of being a very kind and liberal house-master.

As to the boys, they were recruited largely, as Reptonians had been for generations, from among the sons of neighbouring gentry in the county of Derby, and the adjoining counties of Stafford and Leicester. Meynells, Everys, Gresleys, Caven-dishes, Denmans, Cottons, Caves, Holdens, Batemans, Hurts, Wilmots, Mosleys, Storys, Worthingtons, Lightons; while soon after Dr. Pears' appointment came large numbers from further afield, attracted by his reputation at Harrow, and by the growing fame of a reviving Repton.

The morals of the School were excellent. As a small boy at first, and latterly as one of the Sixth Form, I had good opportunities of knowing; and subsequently I have had many chances of comparing Repton, in this respect, with other schools. I do not believe that in any school of its size there were so few black sheep as at Repton in the middle of the last century, and what I know to be true of it then, I do not doubt is true of it to-day.

Of bullying there was very little; a good wholesome stand-up fight between two boys of equal size and weight occurred now and again as need arose and opportunity offered, ending I think invariably in two bloody noses and a life long friendship. As a rule the small boys had a very good time, fagging was not onerous, and the fags had the advantage of the protection of their masters, who might "wallop their own niggers," but allowed no one else to do so. There exists a worthy Baronet who always asserts that I rescued him from being bullied by one who is now a Prebendary of St. Paul's [*not* the Ven. Arch-deacon]. I have no recollection of it, but I know that nowadays the Baronet is much more likely to persecute the Prebendary, than the Prebendary to persecute the Baronet.

The food—I speak for "The Hall" only—was good but certainly less liberal (to use boarding-house phraseology), than in most schools to-day. For breakfast vast piles of bread and butter, the former three quarters of an inch thick, the latter thinner than this sheet of paper, and tea, soidisant, served by "Giles" out of large tin cans. At dinner joints—vast joints and many joints of good meat and well cooked—but each day pre-

*talk disgusting in 1857*

*Hard on other  
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sented always its accustomed and invariable joint ; if it was a leg of mutton day there were some half-dozen legs of mutton—limbs of fat coarse “Leicester” sheep—and nothing but legs of mutton, no alternative joint. I never could understand why a more “varied dietary” was not provided. Then puddings—rice or roly-poly, always of the stodgiest breed, and always without an alternative. Tea was the ditto of breakfast, save that at tea-time “Frank Giles” was sometimes drunk, and served the tea liberally over the floor or his own shoes or my jacket ; but ere long the Dr.’s eagle eye detected this frailty, and we knew “Giles” no more. Supper offered us bread and cheese, and then, as at dinner, our drink was water, or for those that liked it, a glass of the weakest brew ever known to the vats of the contiguous Burton-on-Trent.

No food was allowed or cooking permitted in the studies, but I have made a cup of cocoa over my study fire, and I wot of a cupboard where reposed, but not for long, a chest of oranges sent to H. E. Buxton, now alas ! no longer living, and freely dispensed by him to his friends. This frugal fare we could, and did, supplement by the simple and excellent provisions to be found at “the Grub shop” just outside “the Arch,” kept, honestly, wholesomely, and cleanly by the Meashams : they were a worthy comfortable-looking family ; “Old Measham” who was supposed to farm, but was generally to be seen sitting on a warm and well-sheltered settle by the fire in winter, or on a chair in his backyard in summer ; “Mother Measham” and “Mary Anne,” her sister, of portly figure ; “Young Measham,” a village buck some 25 years of age, who wore most gorgeous ties on Sundays and rode a hairy heeled horse on week days ; last, but not least, “Emma and Polly,” rosy cheeked, good tempered, ample maidens who, with the help of Mary Anne made and sold delicious tarts, cakes, and a sort of short bread tempting to the eye but most cloying to the palate. These cakes, with fruit, milk, cream, toffy, and lemon kali, all excellent of their sort, supplied the wants of any boy who was hungry or greedy and the owner of a few pence. I am told that now the “Grub shop” is run by the School



authorities—Shade of Sir John Port! his foresight, keen as it was, can scarcely have contemplated this. I only hope the present purveyors provide as wholesome stuff as did “Emma and Polly.”

Our health was looked after, when necessary, by Dr. Hewgill, notable for his gold-headed stick, his coloured silk handkerchief and snuff-box. He had been an army surgeon and had the reputation of being highly skilled in the treatment of gunshot wounds, a clean, chirpy old gentleman whose medicines were very nasty and all exactly alike in taste. His only assistant in illness and our guardian angel at all times was “Eliza,” a sort of nurse, boysmaid, matron and linen-maid rolled into one; gaunt, elderly, lean and grim she was never known to smile. I believe she had a heart, deep down somewhere; if so I found the way to it by occasionally bringing her “from home” a new cap with mauve or magenta ribbons, which gained me some slight consideration when I was in the sick room. She darned our socks with thread as hard as jute and then cut and anointed the blisters which her handiwork had created.

There was no epidemic or outbreak of serious illness during all my time, and yet according to modern science we ought all to have died of typhoid or diphtheria in a month. At the back of the School ran—or rather lay—the Old Trent, formerly the channel of the river, but for many years a deep and nearly stagnant backwater. It was, and is, within 20 or 30 yards of the back of “the Hall,” and into it ran visibly to the eye and offensively to the nose all the drains of the House inhabited by some 60 or 70 persons.

I believe it was the primitive simplicity of this arrangement which caused our immunity from illness: every drain was so defective that it was thoroughly aerated: nor was the “Old Trent” so foul as might have been expected, perhaps because it was thoroughly scavenged by many plump ducks, by lusty pike, and by innumerable perch. There was always a small stream running through it, and not unfrequently the whole channel was scoured by a flood, when the Trent overflowed

into its ancient course and sent a yellow foaming "spate" rushing past the Hall, and away forwards towards Swarkestone Bridge. If sanitary arrangements were primitive, so also were those provided for our personal cleanliness. In each bedroom was a row of tiny white basins partially filled ready over-night for our matutinal ablutions. On the first morning after I arrived I found mine and those of my dormitory companions frozen hard, but under the most favourable circumstances they conduced but poorly to the cultivation of the virtue which is next to godliness. Once a week, however, every boy got the chance—not always greedily seized—of a hot bath, in a downstairs room, dark and dank, and paved with bricks. The bath itself was a wooden trough lined with lead and smelled vilely. As one grew older and bigger, however, one contrived by the aid of "Eliza" (and here the caps came in useful) to get some better washing apparatus in one's bedroom, and those who wished it could be fairly clean.

"The Hall" was, and is, a venerable and beautiful old Mansion House—dating, I suppose, from about 1680—with stone-mullioned windows fitted with iron-framed casements which never shut within an inch or two. To this old house had been added some studies, a dining-hall, and some further studies, opprobriously named. The whole place was overrun with rats, for which we used to set traps, and I remember one night when I had been awakened by the squealing of a victim, I was surprised (as I was trying *μονόπεπλος* to massacre it with a cricket bat), by the tall figure of "the Dr." in a long grey dressing-gown, who told me to be quick over the job, to get back to bed, and to set no more traps at night.

Our games were cricket, football, fives, hockey, and quoits. Do any schoolboys ever play quoits now? At cricket we were good generally, and all boys were fairly encouraged to play, (and here fagging came in usefully); it was long, however, ere Repton evolved a C. B. Fry, the finished article which is the slow product of years! But football! how different from that of to-day! It evoked no enthusiasm, and was never a matter of competition. During my first year or two the whole

School played together, big boys and little boys; the latter used generally to rotate slowly and safely round any scrimmage, and took no sort of interest in the game, which was played between two sides arbitrarily chosen; or sometimes it was "The Hall against the other Houses," and once a year "the Sixth" played "the School." On one such occasion one member of the Sixth was absent and I was despatched to bring him. I found the delinquent—now the Public Orator at Cambridge—working at Tacitus in his study, on a fine frosty afternoon! I don't suppose he is disturbed now-a-days by the claims of football! but other of Repton's sons are heroes in the field.

Fives we played in a large open court (afterwards covered), with no "pepper box"; and here two or three times a week Messiter could be seen, enjoying himself to the full, bounding about the court, shouting with excitement, and delivering his celebrated left-hand "drives" which came with a jerk, apparently from his left hip, and were the admiration of his partner and the despair of his opponents.

At first we had no School Library, no Chapel. On Sunday mornings we went to the Parish Church, hard by, and listened or did not listen to a long and prosy sermon from the Vicar. I remember but one: on the text, "I will search Jerusalem "with candles," and most elaborately was the point worked, that so dark and full of iniquity was Jerusalem, that no single candle would suffice—"Not candle, my dear brethren, but "candles—in the plural—were necessary to illumine its darkness." Far different was it when the Chapel was built, I think in 1858: henceforth on nearly every Sunday morning we listened to "the Dr.," and surely no better School sermons were ever preached than his—interesting, short, and intensely earnest, they compelled the attention which they deserved. In the afternoon one of the under masters preached. I do not think any of them had much "gift," though one of them used to interest us and keep us awake by his habit of lapsing into rhyme—*e.g.* preaching about Ishmael he began his sermon

"The flagon was empty,  
 "The flask was dry,  
 "There was nothing left,  
 "So the boy must die."

The singing in the Chapel was peculiar and excellent: there was no musical instrument: "The Dr.," possessed of a beautiful and cultivated voice, used to start us with a note on a little pitch pipe, and under his teaching the part singing became very perfect.

After the Chapel was built, we went no more to the Parish Church, and there must be now but few who can remember old Sam Henson, the handsome gigantic Parish Clerk who said the Amens and started the alternate verses in the Psalms when and as he liked, for being nearly stone deaf he was a law unto himself. The organist too was remarkable, one Greatorex, who I think had been organist at St. George's, Windsor, and took care to let everyone know "that he had been commended by His Majesty King George IV." Every Repton boy was proud of the beauties of the old Church; its crypt, second to none in architectual interest; its spire, almost unequalled in height and grace. Well do I remember the night when in a terrible storm it was struck by lightning; and very beautiful was the peal of bells, which, by the way, were rung within the memory of a living Old Reptonian, in 1849 to celebrate the winning of the "Oaks" by "Lady Evelyn," a mare belonging to Lord Chesterfield, one of the Hereditary Governors of the School.

Such is a brief and all unworthy sketch of School life at Repton—Consule Planco—offered by one of her grateful sons to her offspring of a later age.

A. J. RAM (1857—61).

#### LETTER FROM REV. PROFESSOR SANDAY, D.D.

I went to Repton in February, 1858, and left in December, 1861; so that I was there for four full years, and only wished that they had been longer. I had been for two years at a small private school that was not really satisfactory, and had lost some of the ground that I had gained at starting in the rough discipline of the Grammar School at Walsall; some of that lost ground I never quite succeeded in making up. I

entered at the Priory, which was then under the Rev. G. M. Messiter, and was put into the Lower Fifth, which was also under him. I consider that I was fortunate both in my House and in my Form Master. Mr. Messiter was an excellent master for such a form—strict and efficient in school, and genial out of it. His house was generally held to be one of the most comfortable in the School. Mrs. Messiter took the greatest care of us all, and was thoroughly devoted to her domestic duties. I always received the utmost kindness both from her and from her husband; indeed I may say that that was my experience from all the Masters with whom I came in contact at Repton. In the latter part of my time I had rather special privileges, and was treated almost as a member of the family both by the Messiters and (as I shall tell more at length- presently), by the Headmaster, Dr. Pears. I do not think that I regretted being at one of the smaller houses and not at the Hall, though no doubt the latter would have been more stimulating and the *genius loci* would have been felt more keenly there; I have always loved by-eddies more than the vortex of life.

I remember well Mr. Messiter saying to me at the end of my first term that he little thought at the beginning of it that I should be where I was at the close. I was nervous and shy, and did not at all show to advantage when I first stood up in class. I entered along with Kinsey, and was naturally placed with him at the bottom of the form, and we ended together at the top. He, poor fellow, was one of the many victims of the Indian Civil Service, and died before he could make his mark. It was not altogether good luck for me to be moved on so soon; a little more of that excellent drilling would have been a wholesome thing. I passed on into the Upper Fifth, but was again there only a single half-year. The Upper Fifth and Sixth were in those days taken together in the nice old wainscoted class-room leading out of the Old School; so that from that time onwards I was directly under Dr. Pears and Mr. Johnson, who shared the work of the two forms. Mr. Johnson was a thoroughly good Cambridge scholar, kind at

heart but monotonous in manner. My impression is that he used chiefly to take us in the afternoon; and, as I look back, a feeling of somnolence comes over me that I think (for me, subjectively) must rather reflect the original conditions. My friend and contemporary, J. E. Sandys, has told me since that he learnt much from Mr. Johnson; and I would rather have his recollections taken than mine. I had no doubt that we were in competent hands; but I could not say that there was anything very inspiring or illuminating in our lessons. For me, the real stamp of the training of the two highest forms came from the Headmaster himself. Only at the very end of my time—I believe in my last term—a young Balliol man came down to coach us a little; and he opened our eyes somewhat to what we might expect at Oxford: but the impression was too brief to be very deep. Mr. Clarke (afterwards Clucas), who took us in Mathematics, was the most amiable of men, and would do our sums for us with the greatest good nature; but I cannot say that I acquired—probably it was not in me to acquire—much real insight into Mathematics; I used to do rather well in Euclid, and generally reached the level that carried me gaily through Responsions, but the intricacies of Higher Algebra were too much for me.

The really dominant influence in Repton was the Headmaster, Dr. Pears: and his influence was felt even more as a man than as a scholar. He was the Headmaster all over. I remember well his spare, rather tall figure (I should say about 5 ft. 10 in.); his distinguished, somewhat worn and aquiline features; the air of gravity and almost austerity—but cultivated and refined austerity—that always went with him; his terse and laconic—but again always cultivated—speech. His grey eyes were rather short-sighted, and he had a way of looking out, not exactly beyond but to the side of you, as though he had “a vision of his own.” And indeed he had a vision, not quite a prophetic vision, for he would certainly not have professed any kind of “fine frenzy,” or anything more than that of the cultivated English scholar and gentleman; but he was an English scholar and gentleman,

intent upon serious things. Everything about him was rigorously under control. There was something of the Stoic always near at hand. When I knew him his health was not good: he had lost the *élan* of youth, and his step was often rather weary; but he would never complain, and never give way. Never once throughout the whole of our intercourse did I see him lose his dignity; it was a natural dignity, strengthened by self-discipline, and leaving upon one the impression that it had been so strengthened: but it was not a pose.

I have spoken more of the man than of the scholar: and of the scholar there was not quite so much to say. He had been at Corpus, Oxford, and had taken a Second in the Final Schools. It was rumoured amongst us boys that he had not been very industrious. I have no doubt that he belonged to the gentlemanly set, and shared in its amusements; but he cannot have been really idle. He was quite a good scholar of the Oxford sort, with the special taste for Latin Prose characteristic of his day; but the principal thing about him was general intelligence, interest and culture—this too, sober and not exuberant, but real. He had a strong taste for literature. I well remember his reading out to us, for translation into Latin Verse, that passage of "The Gardener's Daughter," which begins

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
"Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love,"

and then turning to us with the remark, "And they say that Tennyson is not a poet!" I think it will be agreed that the instance was aptly chosen, for I sometimes doubt whether the poet ever wrote more beautiful lines—lines where the beauty comes more naturally and without sense of strain.

Dr. Pears did me two services of which I shall always think with gratitude. He put me upon reading Butler's *Analogy* (though it did not at all enter into the School *curriculum*), and Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. I daresay it may be said that there was nothing remarkable in this, that it is only what many a master has done since. But it is fair to remember that

these were early days ; the taste for literature became more wide-spread later. I also cannot but associate it with my recollections of the home life at the Hall, to which I was admitted freely after I left the School. Dr. Pears was strongly Evangelical—so Evangelical that he objected to any representation of the human figure in the House of God. I remember that, when the Chapel was building, an Italian workman carved two angels, which, the next time we saw them, had been converted into bosses of foliage. It may be imagined from this that the *ménage* was Puritan ; and so it was. But it was a thoroughly refined and cultured Puritanism of the best type. I recall how, in private life, after dinner the head of the family would from time to time read out to us choice bits from the day's news or from books. And I should say that it was in this direction—the direction of literature and general interests—that an outlet was offered to us of breaking through the bounds of routine. I have just said that what I can remember was not, strictly speaking, remarkable. I hardly think that we can use that epithet of the School as a whole. It held quite a good place among the schools of the day. It did, I believe, turn out men qualified to serve God in Church and State. But we were not in advance of our time—as I imagine that Winchester, for instance, must have been under Dr. Ridding. I should say that, with us, masters and boys alike honestly did their daily tasks, but that there was not very much more. I doubt if it ever occurred to any of us boys to ask, or to any of our masters to tell us, *what it all meant*—that we were trying to get at the spirit and secret of ancient life ; that we were trying to get *through* to the ancients, as Kipling's fairies in the " Dymchurch Flit " try to " get *through* to Flesh and Blood " (those evasive human beings whose help they needed). We were never (so to speak) quite laid upon the scent. I believe that, if we had been, some of us at least would have followed it like hounds at full cry. But we had not that good fortune.

It should be remembered, too, that there were not the books in those days that there are now. There was indeed a great



lack of really good text-books. One is often tempted to envy the schoolboy of the present day, who has his way made so much smoother for him.

And yet there, perhaps, is just the one thing that is to be said in favour of the old *régime* as compared with the new. Now-a-days things are made almost too easy and interesting. In those days it was just so much rather dogged grind. I still think that there is something to be said, at least in the case of individuals, for the old plan of learning by beginning with a good solid grind at the grammar, which then becomes an instrument that can be applied under all conditions, as against the modern method of plunging into literature at once, and reading it like a novel with one's feet on the fender, and guessing roughly at the meaning. The latter is doubtless the better way of getting at boys in the mass, where the first thing is to attract their attention; it would also be a good deal quicker, where time is of moment, and it would appeal more immediately to the literary sense; but there must be some not inconsiderable loss in mental discipline, and in the training of the scientific instinct as contrasted with the literary.

Perhaps at this point I ought to say just a word about the School Chapel, and the preaching. This was quite in keeping with the spirit of the Headmaster. We had not a single preacher who was in the least degree frothy or sentimental. Dr. Pears himself was thoughtful, plain, rather severe in style, and very concise. No one could more thoroughly eschew purple patches. And the other masters followed his example. Mr. Johnson was rather monotonous, like his teaching; but I remember that I myself used to like his little archaisms of phrase; the word "peradventure" for instance was one of which he was rather fond. I have the impression that my own Housemaster, Mr. Messiter, used not to preach quite so often as the others; but he was shrewd and human, and I used to like his preaching. I suppose that our nearest approach to an orator was Mr. Latham; but his was a chaste type of Evangelical oratory, with rather more amplitude of style about it than the others. I imagine that he would have

been considered the most generally interesting and popular. But all the preaching had the merit of simplicity and sincerity.

I have spoken of the Masters; and now I must try to say something about the boys.

I arrived at Repton near the end of the reign of J. H. Smith (afterwards Etherington Smith), who was, and I rejoice to think still is, the ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν of Repton. He was a real Admirable Crichton, alike in person, in manners, and in accomplishments—physical, mental, and moral. He gained an Open Exhibition at University College, Oxford; took a First Class in Moderations and a Second in Literæ Humaniores; and, I need not add, has been the most prominent figure at Repton ever since, among the Old Reptonians of the younger days. No one has been more loyal to his School, or has done it better service. He was “Smith major”; but “Smith minor” (S. F. Smith), was also a notable figure. He was also one of our athletes, and had a striking presence; he might quite well have sat for a young Roman. He came up to Oxford, but entered the Civil Service, and went out to India; a year or two later he came home invalided, and not long afterwards died. He came to see me on his return, and I found that he had received a strong religious impression; it was sad to see his manly frame so undermined. With J. H. Smith at the head of the Sixth Form was A. J. Anderson, a son of the Bishop of Prince Rupert’s Land, who was rapidly rising in the Royal Artillery, when he too was struck down. Three of the Andersons were in the School with me. The second, David, I knew well, and he and I went together to Italy with Dr. and Mrs. Pears in the winter of 1862–63. He is now at St. George’s, Hanover Square, and has won respect wherever he has been. I rather think that Smith major was succeeded as Head of the School by E. T. Marshall, now Vicar of Sutton, near Ely. No one could have discharged the duties of Head more conscientiously. He was not naturally athletic, but I remember well the way in which he used to charge at football. In those days we used to play the Harrow game, and every boy in the School (except those medically disqualified),

took part. The Sixth and Upper Fifth (I think), used to play the School; and in spite of the great disparity of numbers, well held their own. This was due not only to the conspicuous prowess of a few, but to the spirit and pluck of men like Marshall. I remember that my own place usually was at the very bottom of the "squash" that was mostly piled up like a hecatomb in the middle of the field. Among my seniors in the Sixth was H. E. Fanshawe, who in those days was our expert in Latin Verse, and who got a Scholarship and afterwards a Fellowship at Corpus, Cambridge, where he has been for many years tutor.

Those I have mentioned were all at the Hall: we, at the Priory, had our own Admirable Crichton in a somewhat smaller degree in J. R. Daniel. At least he had, *mutatis mutandis*, as many accomplishments as his prototype; everything that he put his hand to he did well; he was quite a good scholar, and a fine clean player at every game. He was coolness and collectedness itself, and very sparing of words. I should like to have seen him in a real emergency, like the Indian Mutiny. in 1857!

But he was too quiet and undemonstrative in his ways to be recognised for all he was. He went out to India, and held a post as District Collector. We were friends, and he stayed with me at my home, and afterwards when he returned on furlough, at a living I then had in Essex. The climate had taken sad hold of him. He returned to India, and there he died. It is melancholy to think how many of my old house-mates and friends are gone. The warm-hearted H. Nash was another of my personal friends: he became a genial and active cleric, but died before his time. I am glad to reckon among the living, B. Wilson, who went up with me to Oxford and did good work there, C. F. R. Allen, who served as Interpreter in China, E. Clifford, who distinguished himself as an artist and in philanthropic work, J. L. G. Hadow, who came up to Trinity and is now Vicar of Sutton Valence, and the two Halls. It fell to me, in the autumn of 1864, to take temporary charge of the Upper Fifth Form, when Mr. Johnson was ill. I was greatly interested in this work, and remember vividly some of

those who were in the form. I have since felt it an honour that I contributed to the promotion of W. M. Sinclair, who verified my good opinion by carrying off a Balliol Scholarship, which I had failed to do myself. He did not quite come up to our hopes in the Schools, but as Archdeacon of London he has been the centre of many good works. I was also specially struck by G. E. Mason, one of a gifted family, who I believe had it in him to do great things but was hindered by bad health. His younger brother, A. J. Mason, Canon of Canterbury, has had a distinguished career, which is well known to all Reptonians. In the same form were E. K. Blumhardt, a very steady worker, and I rather think, J. C. P. Aldous, whose special line however was Mathematics. It was on this occasion that I was a guest at the Hall, and saw much of my old Headmaster; but I stupidly fell ill myself before the term was over.

There are many others of my contemporaries of whom I should like to speak, but that will fall more appropriately to others who were in closer contact with them. I hope that my friend and contemporary J. E. Sandys, who was at Latham's, will write his own reminiscences, and fill up some of the gaps in mine. I cannot however refrain from referring to the happy coincidence by which he, as Public Orator, presented me for an honorary degree at Cambridge in 1902.

I feel that I owe much to Repton. It is a beautiful spot, with a charm and an *ethos* of its own. In its three hundred and fifty years of existence it has had a long line of distinguished sons; and we all concur in the hope that its future may be still greater than its past.

W. SANDAY (1858—61).

#### LETTER FROM REV. W. VALE BAGSHAW.

"SOME account of the School Games in the early Sixties" was the subject on which I was asked to write; so let us begin, as I began, with Football.

In those early days we had our own rules, which were supposed to be after the Harrow model. We played down in

one of the big fields below the Tanyard, except in wet weather, when we sometimes had to stay up in the Hall Orchard. My earliest recollections of the game, as a new boy, seem to leave me on the outside of a huge mass of players—about fifty a side—not knowing what to do, and behind me a deep bass voice, not unhelped by a persuasive and inspiring toe, urging me to “run in.” The game was simplicity itself. There was a limited ground with a “straight in” line on each side. The struggling men in the centre seemed to get the ball disengaged—if by accident it got amongst them—mainly for the benefit of the champions. These standing outside were allowed to catch the ball—in the air, not on first bounce—and crying “three yards,” to take a clear run of that distance and then a punt or drop-kick.

A lively recollection by an old friend of the same date as a beginner was not so much of a potent toe as of a well-wielded strap, which has always appeared to him “one of the most inspiring agencies on the football field.” He goes on to say, so truly, too, “our original game was rather like a Greek battle before Troy, where the crowd surged about ineffectively, while the great heroes fought.”

This kind of kicking and catching over the heads of the “squash,” which I fancy was the name we gave to the later “bully,” or more recent “scrum,” was a grand game, (as it seemed to me in later years), just for the two or three best kicks on each side behind, but not a game to be perpetuated for the good of the many in the centre.

Nor was it, for in 1863—64 we made a huge effort to formulate our Repton Football, and we brought out a little square green book of Rules. I can't find my copy: I wish I could. My only memorial of those days is my “Cap of Honour” for the XV.—claret velvet and silver. The next Twenty had another pattern and were called “Caps,” and there was yet a third set called “Young Hopefuls.”

But our efforts, though in the right direction, were soon to be gulfed in the new Association Rules, and under them it is pleasant to think that the name of Repton has been really well upheld for many a year.

The special rules played in old days made it impossible for School to play School, and I think *that* idea really gave them a longer life than they would otherwise have had. Many responsible people thought the risk of such games between Schools was too great. This of course may seem absurd in these days of universal football, but then there certainly were grave doubts as to the advisability of allowing any such contests, and much satisfaction was felt as long as they were impossible.

With no outside matches we had to be content with huge excitement over Sixth *v.* School, and huger still over Hall *v.* Houses, and the delight of getting the first goal for the growing Houses against the till then undefeated Hall, is vividly remembered to this day by another keen O.R., and the recollection still "warms the cockles of his heart"!

Our Hockey was of an elementary type, as far as I can remember it, the hockeys being merely inverted walking-sticks. The goals were the Old Arch and the two Pillars in front of the Priory. There were short games sometimes even before 10 o'clock Prep. for those who lived close by, couples, as they were ready, coming in after the old question "Pudding or Beef"? In the afternoon games there were often large numbers playing, and though it was all gravel I do not recollect much damage resulting. The windows of the Church and the Priory were well wired up, but I think we mostly played the dribbling game. Anyhow, we had lots of good sport over it, if not much science.

For Fives in those early days we had not very much opportunity, but that was soon remedied by the covered court facing the cricket field, built in 1863, and the courts built with some of the new Houses.

The Gymnastics in the old Barn were of a somewhat primitive character, but we got a good deal of amusement, and a fair amount of muscle out of the ladders and ropes and bars, and these, with a good bout at singlestick, and some tough rounds with the gloves, all helped us on and made us able to take care of ourselves.

The Paper Chases in the spring were a very interesting

addition to our amusements. They were very popular, and I have always thought that the style of country lent itself particularly well to a carefully thought out course—but this sport is probably now exactly what it was then—the tearing of the paper—the filling of the bags—the raw eggs for the wind—the start of the Hares—the impatient waiting of the Hounds inside the Arch—the falls into the water off that slippery bough—the false scents—and the run home, with the best men leading.

And this leads us on to “the Sports.” These we worked off phenomenally quickly—doing everything in two days, and hard work it was. Some of us took a good deal of trouble over our training, but I fear it was often misdirected energy and more painful than useful. Well do I remember the foodless early run to the Bridge and back before first School, and one old friend I recollect trained on the Classical model and oiled himself for days or weeks before. The Steeplechase was over a grand course from somewhere near “Bull’s-in-the-Meadows,” below Askew Hill, to the two tall Poplars which then stood just below that conspicuous and most lovely spire that every Reptonian must remember and be proud of. Off! along the Old Trent and up to the Brook with its one old root on the bank for a good take-off. If *that* could be gained first, before it had been splashed, there was a fair chance of getting beyond the water and the thickest mud, and, if so, more than a fair chance of a win.

Our dress I fear would not be looked upon to-day as very high-class for athletes. Trousers — flannel of course, but positively trousers—with probably our socks pulled up outside! “Oh! but it must have been impossible to run,” says a connoisseur now-a-days! Impossible? Well, I hardly think so, and I have tried it once or twice.

How we used to practise in the Upper Paddock, with its steep bank, down which and over hurdles we had some appalling flying jumps. Here, too, we had games of football after Second School, and that not unaccompanied with considerable peril, as there was a huge hollow in the middle like the remains of a small quarry, and if some kind friend, in

trying to relieve you of the ball at the top of the bank, brought you spinning head over heels to the bottom, you would probably see more sparks in a short time and have a clearer idea as to what breaking your neck would feel like than in any other way that I can suggest.

But public spirit took the question up. The School, led by two Mathematical engineering enthusiasts in the Sixth Form, set to work to level it, and levelled soon it was; but before, as since, it was ever a really useful bit of ground.

The Rifle Corps, now so flourishing an institution, was originally started about 1864 but was dropped for a time a few years later. We were fairly strong and the drill was good. The uniform was at any rate comfortable and perhaps instructive, as reminding us of the true Garibaldi dress—white flannels and red jerseys. We were present I remember at one large public review on a field sloping towards Newton Solney, and did specially well in the bayonet exercise. It must have been a strong point with Sergeant Ellison. I wonder who has forgotten his elaborately curled whiskers and his advice in the said exercise, "Giving the bayonet a sharp turn to the right to make the *wound* incurable!"

The Cricket of those days was very fairly up to the mark, and did no discredit to the name of the School, but it was carried on under somewhat cramped conditions. The practice and lower games in the Upper Paddock I don't remember well. The First Ground was divided from the Second (being on a slightly higher level), by a line drawn along and from the north end of the old Fives Court, by the Arch. The Second Ground extended north to nearly the end of the wall by the Brook, but there was a considerable portion of that north-east part of the ground overgrown by trees, and the north-west was hampered by banks and buildings. This will be recognized as not giving over much space even for the First game; but what splendid practice we had; how really useful and helpful towards good and accurate fielding; no nets at all, either behind the wicket or at the sides; all stopping and fielding of every kind done entirely by fags, who, to save themselves



trouble and the possibility of mild correction, were keen, and being keen learnt well and gained the approbation and the notice of the great men in or near the XI. For a long-stop, and he, strange to say, had an important position in an XI. of those days, such practice was simply invaluable. I suppose the turf was not kept with such scientific accuracy as in later years, and so his presence was rendered necessary. How clearly do I remember to this day a ball glancing off a soft place on a wet ground and getting well in to my knee at long-stop and bounding back some twenty yards or more, and the Captain—Old Fitz—turning round and saying: "I say, Bags, how I wish I had that knee in the middle of my bat!"

It was in those old days that we began the Uppingham match. Burton, South Derbyshire, Bromsgrove, the Free Foresters, and the Old Boys had given us our programme up till 1865, when we added this most interesting match. The first year we had the pull, winning in one day in one innings. The Uppingham Captain, poor fellow, couldn't be satisfied with the result and would play next day a second—of course informal—match against us, and with the same result. I can see the clock now, five minutes to six, two wickets to get before six o'clock, and Dalton did it! What a moment that was; and the friendships made at that match have lasted ever since, and altered the whole course of one life at any rate.

How it all comes back to one's memory after all these years. The mighty "slog" over the Cricket Field wall and the journey round or over the corner by the Smithy to ask poor old Martha and Mary if we had broken a window and might have the ball back. Then there was the splendid practice at little cricket in some of the School House yards. That, I believe, was of the greatest help to many of us both for fielding and batting.

But it is nearly time to "hold the ball" or "draw the stumps," and yet I can't stop without mentioning some awakening names. Old Mother Measham and her family with the little shop, at the "ten minutes," if you had any money left, or went in later for a training meal; Miss Marshall with

the School hats; and to some of us "Old Walker" with his quaint ways and his sterling value; "Old Beef," the oddest looking butcher's man you ever saw; "Pat" on allowance days by the Arch with his mouth full of threepenny pieces by the time he had sold us all his oranges; Parker again with his bits of gossip at the shop by the Cross; and then the ubiquitous Jack Turner, tailor really, but Jack of many trades, full of information, and of great importance with his ropes and buoys and punt at the Bathing Place below the "Salmon Hole," or with his ladders and ropes when the ice began to bear on the Old Trent or at Crewe's pond.

More old memories will be recalled by the mention of that flirt of ink in the old Writing School that grew into a head with long flowing hair, as exercises were corrected by the thousand, and as each boy added to it with his pencil while he was standing at the desk; or of the over-frequent "Impot," and how useful too it was if we may judge by results apparent now! Didn't we get to know our Greek Grammar upside down and inside out, or "Stephen's Speech" with all its difficulties! And if one unlucky wight did say in translating Cicero "An statuas et imagines?" "Can you stand up and imagine?", it was a memorable time when, his huge amusement being overcome, our old friend of the Audit Room replied, "Sir! can you sit down and write out?" Or again if at the end of term some youth, unwise enough to vindicate his ancient and inalienable right, put "Ultimus labor" at the end of his last exercise he would be fairly certain to secure a "No, my boy, *not quite!*"

There is no doubt that in those old days many of us, indeed most of us *did* work and worked hard. I well remember that, for Exam. week and a week before, we had no games, no exercise, but just worked all day and every day early and late.

And then came the last day—the reading of the List when at last it was ready, when the Bible Papers of that day had been marked, and when "the tossing up and drawing lots," which some I fear irreverently attributed to those masters who were the latest to arrive, had been successfully completed, we would see

the Doctor—dear old Pears or “S.A.P.”—with his bundle of Lists, and we thronged into the Big Schoolroom in the Priory and heard our fate. Then the packing—the supper—the good old “Dulce Domum,” and off next morning to Willington at cockcrow.

A happy time—a time full of pleasant memories we spent at Repton. Good hearty play—good steady work, on the old-fashioned but as I still think sound plan of doing a few subjects thoroughly rather than many—not *so* thoroughly.

But this perhaps doesn't come into “the Athletics of the early Sixties.” So I will end my recollections with hearty good wishes for the success and prosperity of the old School in and from its 350th year. “Floreat Repandunum.”

W. VALE BAGSHAWE (1859—65).

#### LETTER FROM J. E. SANDYS, LITT.D.

THE Editor of the Repton Register of 1905, who has established a claim on the perpetual gratitude of all Old Reptonians, has asked me for a few of my reminiscences of Repton. I can best reply by thanking him in the language of the younger Pliny :—‘beneficio tuo in scholam redeo, et illam dulcissimam aetatem quasi resumo.’ Forty-eight years ago, when I was on the verge of fifteen, I was suddenly informed that I was to be entered forthwith at Repton School. At that time I did not even know where Repton was; however, I seized the largest gazetteer that I could find, and had soon mastered all the antiquarian details as to the ancient seat and burial-place of the bygone Mercian Kings.

In April, 1859, as a member of Mr. Edward Latham's house, I was placed in the Fourth Form, which then met in a very plain structure standing to the right of the School-steps. At the end of the Term, I found myself second in the Form. At Midsummer 1860, I was head of the Lower Fifth, which was then under the genial sway of Mr. Messiter. I was never in the Upper Fifth, as, at the beginning of the next School year, I was transferred *per saltum* into the Sixth, together with all

that were then in the Upper Fifth; and in all the five half-years beginning with Christmas, 1861, and ending with Midsummer, 1863, I was awarded the Sixth Form prize. I remained in the Sixth for three years, and, for exactly the same space of time, was head of Latham's house, having thus (as a boy given to books) the inestimable advantage of a study entirely to myself. For all those three years I had the privilege of being under the immediate teaching of Dr. Pears, who (not to mention many other important matters) convinced us of the duty of knowing something about modern history, and was apt to be effectively sarcastic if we ever revealed our ignorance of that subject. In the teaching of the Sixth Form, the Cambridge type of sound scholarship was then represented by Mr. Johnson, a calm and dispassionate and painstaking teacher,—his face as white as marble and his hair as black as jet. The principal author that we studied under Mr. Johnson was Thucydides; the only drawback was that this most difficult of the Greek Classics had to be mastered shortly after dinner, when the mind of a growing boy is certainly not at its best. In those days the Sixth Form always met for their lessons in the inner chamber of what was then the Great School-room and is now I understand the School Library. Over the mantel-piece of this inner chamber there was an engraved portrait of Gottfried Hermann, probably a legacy from the days of Dr. T. W. Peile. In this chamber we were also instructed in French by M. Koschetzky, but the Head-Master took the precaution of remaining in the room for the proper maintenance of discipline, while the instructor in French occasionally aroused our flagging interest by calling out a name, and adding:—‘follow! follow! follow!’ It inevitably reminded us of the refrain of one of the School Songs:—‘whither shall I follow, follow, follow thee?’ Once (in a book of Guizot's, I fancy), we came across the ‘Speaker of the House of Commons,’ whereupon our instructor asked the Head-Master at the other end of the room, why that functionary was called ‘The Speaker,’ and received the prompt reply:—‘because he never speaks’; a singular reason, the instructor

must have thought, but he pushed his inquiries no further. When the examination in French was approaching, our instructor was good enough to give us a summary of the grammatical points which he considered important, and, as an almost immediate reward for our attention, we found most (if not all) of these points reappearing in the paper which he set us shortly afterwards. I now feel that the French books that we read ought to have been read consecutively in larger masses; indeed, they might well have provided an excellent 'holiday-task,' instead of being prepared at the rate of a few disconnected pages at a time. Except as regards a certain amount of ordinary vocabulary, I hardly learnt any French at Repton, and I have always regretted it; but, in the meantime, I kept up my German (as an *extra*), and, in my classical and literary work, have never ceased to find it useful.

When I reached Repton in April, 1859, the memories of the Tercentenary were still fresh in the School. The thin volume, bound in green, had been recently published with the Tercentenary Address by Dr. Pears and the Sermon by Dr. Vaughan; and the foundation-stone of the Chapel had been lately laid in August, 1858. The favourite hymn in the School Chapel was 'Who shall ascend to the holy place?', the words by Rev. T. E. Hankinson and the music by Rev. James Pears were then (at any rate) the peculiar possession of the School; while 'Praise the Lord, ye Heavens adore Him,' from its frequent use at the close of the Term, was early known as the 'Sunday *Dulce Domum*.' I see that at the end of my copy of the Hymn-book, I have noted the texts of all the Sermons preached in the Chapel for the first two Terms of 1862, and some of these I recognise in Dr. Pears' *Sermons at School* (1870), a sequel to the *Short Sermons* of 1861, of which I still possess a presentation copy. Of the Head-Master's lectures on subjects of general interest in the large School-room of those days, I recall those on Arctic Expeditions, and on the Bayeux Tapestry. I may add that I have now before me the very rosette of faded satin that I wore as one of the Stewards at the entertainment given by Dr. Pears to the old women of

the village in the barn-like building near the Arch on the occasion of the wedding of the then Prince of Wales, our present King (10th March, 1863).

The memory of my house-master, Edward Latham, is partly enshrined in vivid recollections of his earnest school-sermons, and in his little book of *Evening Devotions* printed in 1868;—partly also in the volume of polished red morocco, in which he faithfully recorded all the honours won for the House, in every line of energy. In those years the country air of Repton and the compulsory football, which was then in full force, were doubtless among the best things in the world for the bodily health of a studious boy like me. At the end of three years (besides several far kinder things, which I dare not quote) the house-master wrote to that boy's father in India:—‘he is thin, but strong, and apparently quite healthy—a different person altogether from what he was when first he came here.’ Among the events that I look back upon with the greatest pleasure in my life at School were the Sunday-walks to Anchor Church and Knowl Hills. My constant companion in these walks was my friend, Bagshawe; and it is to Repton that I owe the delightful visits which I frequently paid in those years to my friend's home in North Derbyshire, and afterwards to that of the Archibalds in Kent and elsewhere. One who is happily still living (as Lady Archibald) wrote to me, after my visit to Beckenham early in 1866:—‘The whole *Pears* family dined here yesterday; the *Doctor* and the *General* dropped all their *very grave* looks and were *charming!*’ It was also to Repton that I owed the help generously given me in after years by George Denman, who, for Repton's sake, was a tower of strength to me at critical times, as when I was a candidate for the office of Public Orator. After his death, it fell to my lot to select, arrange, revise, and edit the contents of the delightful little volume of his Greek and Latin and English verses, which was privately printed under the name of *Intervalla* in 1898.

I have, of course, a vivid remembrance of some of the most prominent figures in the Speech-days of those early years. I can still recall, as one of the memories of the Speech-day of

1861, my almost namesake, Sanday's, expressive rendering of the Doric dialect of the 'Lament of Moschus'; and it was in his study at the Priory, while we were reading Lucan together, that I first learnt from his lips that *justitium*, so far from meaning 'justice,' really meant the 'cessation of justice.' More than forty years afterwards, I had the privilege, as Public Orator, of presenting him for an honorary degree in Cambridge, 'etiam plus quam quadraginta post annos, non immemor actae non alio rege puertiae.' At the Speech-day of 1862, Sanday and I divided five of the prizes between us, and when, in the following year, after he had left for Oxford, six prizes fell to my lot, there was alas! no Speech-day at all; as some passing epidemic brought the Summer Term of 1863, my last Term at Repton, to a sudden and premature conclusion. The English, Latin and Greek verses, which I then wrote for the various prizes, were however printed, and one of these includes a touch of local colour in its reminiscence of the scenes,—

'longis ubi flexibus errans  
Perque Repanduni campos Romanaque castra,  
Explicat aeternos Trivona argentea fluctus.'

The best composer of our day, especially in English and in Latin Verse, was H. E. Fanshawe. I used to consider all his prize poems (and I still consider them) as simply admirable. When both of us had left School for Cambridge, our Head-Master asked each of us to contribute a dedicatory epigram, which was to be printed on the fly-leaf of a little volume, prepared by Wyatt and Blumhardt and others, and afterwards published under the name of the *Wild Flowers of Repton* (1866). Fanshawe's epigram, in its final form, ran as follows:—

Quo tendis liber, elegantiorum  
Florum dotibus aureis venustus?  
Quem finxere manu pia sodales  
Intextum violae rosaeque sertis,  
Ut solatiolum adsit otiosis,  
Ut laetosque dies, et heu peractae  
Gratam reddat imaginem juventae.  
Quo tu, quo, precor, O libelle, tendis?  
Florae confugis in sinum? Sapisti:  
Illa vindice, neminem timeto.

This dainty little epigram is marked by happy reminiscences of Martial, and of Repton too. Reminiscences of Repton are also the theme of the corresponding epigram in Greek. I have before me the kindly letter in which Dr. Pears, in thanking me for my contribution to the *Flora*, notices the touch of pathos at the end, by pleasantly adding:—‘the last couplet, I must confess, gave me a *sensation* about the throat, which would have made it difficult to read aloud.’ The following is a slightly revised version, and I have added an English rendering, which may fitly close these few reminiscences of the scenes ‘erstwhile familiar.’

Νύμφαις ἀγρονόμοις νεόδρεπτα τάδ' ἄνθεα κείται,  
 φαῦλα μὲν ἀλλ' ἀγναῖς παιδρ' ἔτ' ἐόντα δρόσοις.  
 δῶρα τάδ' οὖν δέξασθε, θεαί,—τὰ μὲν ἀργυροδίνου  
 λείρια καὶ δόνακας μνημόσυνον ποταμοῦ,  
 μνήματα δ' ἀνδρῶν θαλαρῶν ῥόδα, πολλὰ δ' ἀφ' ὑλῶν  
 πλέγματ' ἰοδνεφέων, καὶ πτέριν ἄβρόκομον,  
 πάντα θ' ὅσοις ὁ ποθεινὸς ἀγάλλεται ἄνθεσι λειμών,  
 οἳ τε πρὶν εὐγυνωστοί, παῖδες δὲ τ' ἦμεν, ἀγροί.

Fairies of the field and woodland! we have bound these wreaths for you;  
 Though our flowers be wild and worthless, they are bright with purest dew.  
 Oh! receive our lowly guerdon,—crowns of reeds and lilies blent,  
 Telling of those flashing eddies, telling of the silver Trent.  
 Take, beside, these blushing roses that of blooming hedgerows tell,  
 Feathery fern and violet garland, woven in the deep blue dell;  
 Ay, and all the flowers whose joyance decks each memory-haunted lea,  
 And the fields erstwhile familiar in the days of boyhood's glee.

J. E. SANDYS (1859—63).

#### LETTER FROM THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

(VEN. WILLIAM SINCLAIR, D.D.)

ALL my associations with the old School centre round one commanding mind and figure: Dr. Pears. I entered his house when a little over 13, and was placed in the Lower Fifth, under our Editor's kindly, cheerful, vigorous father; but even a small boy could not help being aware of the presence and character which dominated the whole place. The way he read prayers in the morning in the Big School, with calm, clear, earnest,



self-restrained sincerity; the weekly sermons in the Chapel, short, crisp, telling, penetrating; the musical taste and mastery that he shewed in the weekly choir-practice, which he always conducted himself; the stories we heard of his revival of the School nine years before, when it was at a very low ebb, and of his great struggles with the Charity Commissioners to get its *status* firmly established and recognised as one of the chief classical Public Schools of the country; his generosity in the matter of new buildings; his taste and refinement in art, music, and literature; his strong will and courage, manly simplicity, his knowledge of character, gift of terse epigrammatic speech, and powers of sarcasm; his unaffected sympathy with the games and all other interests of the boys; his tall, thin, ascetic and yet graceful person, keen eye, and noble intellectual features; all this impressed in a very high degree any boy who had eyes in his head. After a year, I was in his own form, the Sixth, (first in the room behind the Big School, and afterwards in the Sixth Form Library,) and remained four whole happy years under his direct teaching, which made his influence very personal, and was a possession for the rest of life. Besides being an accurate and brilliant scholar, he threw the charm of vividness, interest, illustration and comparison into the daily translations, exercises and readings, and stimulated the spirit of inquiry, analysis and appreciation into our minds. His own special bent lay in History and Theology; his knowledge of both was good, and kindled in my mind, certainly, a very keen sympathy for each. It was a real treat to read with him the Epistles of St. Paul, Butler's Analogy, and simpler books such as Blunt's Undesigned Coincidences, and Paley's Evidences.

And Mrs. Pears was worthy of him. She was a quiet, lady-like, well-bred, intellectual woman, the daughter of an able mathematician at the University of Durham, Professor Chevallier, just as deeply religious in an unostentatious, unaffected manner, as her husband. She was very kind to the boys in her gentle, clever way; and it was always a treat to be invited to tea in the drawing-room, or to the lawn that sloped beneath the old grey walls, and the immense elms

which then soared above the whole group of buildings. It was a great shock and sorrow when she died, and we all heartily took our part in building the apse of the Chapel to her memory.

Repton was impressive to us also from its historical associations. We realized that Repandunum had been for a time the Capital of Mercia, and thought of the Anglo-Saxon kings, leaders and soldiers riding in and out about the green fields and woods. We used to wonder about Wystan the young martyr, grandson of Withlaf, who had usurped the Kingdom of Mercia in 825. We always looked with interest at the Saxon crypt and chancel; and the remains of the monastery out of which the School was built were of course always with us. It was a beautiful group of buildings, more striking perhaps before so much that is modern had necessarily sprung up round it; the lofty, slender spire soaring above the great elms; the elms, again, shadowing the broad archway; the gables of the Priory, the Jacobæan Hall, the Priory wall, with the quiet greensward of the schoolyard and cricket-field. And although red brick is not so picturesque as grey stone, Repton always strikes me on my rare visits as a really lovely place: richer now than it used to be with gardens and wealth of flowering shrubs and trees.

The neighbourhood too was full of interest. As a botanist, (and not, alas! a cricketer), I was familiar with almost every field, wood, hill and stream within a radius of five or six miles. Repton Rocks we knew well, and the high field at Foremark where the moonwort fern grew, Knowl Hills, Anchor Church, the Trent meadows, and Bretby Woods; they were pleasant grounds for exploration on summer days. Once a year when Repton Statute Fair was being held round the Market Cross, Dr. Pears used to have roll-call at Knowl Hills, so as to keep the boys away from the riff-raff of the mob. On the longest half-holidays we could get as far as the beautiful Norman Priory Church at Melbourne (from which, through Lord Melbourne, the great Australian city took its name), Calke Abbey (where owls' nests might be found in hollow trees), Swarkeston Bridge, or

Hartshorn. On one occasion (I think it was in 1864), when the Corn Exchange was being opened at Derby, the event was celebrated by a great rendering of the "Messiah," to which Dr. Pears sent some of the Sixth Form. To hear that supreme Oratorio for the first time, from the lips of Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Sims Reeves and Foli, was an experience never to be forgotten. Sometimes Dr. Pears sent the boys who studied geology as far as Bardon Hills, near Leicester, to investigate quarries and strata.

Repton was beautiful at all times of the year. A stroll with Arthur Mason in the Hall Orchard just before lock-up on a misty evening in late autumn or winter, with streaks of red or ochre in the purple gloom to the north-west, was hardly less picturesque than the full glory of white may and blue sky and green leaves, or the vast masses of blue-bells in Repton Park carpeting the earth with almost the sky itself under the canopy of golden leaves of the oak trees. What I enjoyed most was the daily stroll in the summer after tea to the swimming place in the Trent, through deep hay-meadows and past beautiful trees and hedgerows, after a long day's work, especially during the three weeks which I conscientiously devoted to preparation for the exam. That was a delight hardly to be surpassed.

One great pleasure was provided by Loraine Estridge and his brother, who started an Orpheus Glee Society. Having an alto voice, I was among the first enrolled in this, and remained a member till I went to Oxford, where I had the additional happiness of joining Dr. Stainer's Männergesangverein. This gave me a love for the fascination of part-singing, which has been a strong element of enjoyment throughout life. I am still a member of the Madrigal Society, founded by the Huguenots in Spitalfields, the oldest of London musical associations: and every Sunday of my residential months at St. Paul's some of the Cathedral choir join with me after luncheon in some such suitable choral singing. Loraine Estridge also used to take some of us out sketching on summer afternoons, which was also the seed of many pleasant hours in after-life. I might here pay a tribute to our excellent drawing

master, A. O. Deacon, who inspired us with absolutely correct ideals, and whose methods were most conscientious. He was all for thoroughness, and nothing for show. All his old pupils sympathized most cordially when in later years we heard that he had lost his sight. We were fortunate also in our French master, M. Guilmant, brother of a well-known musician, and himself skilful with the violin. He knew how to teach his language, and by his quiet influence persuaded the boys that it was really not ridiculous to learn French.

One of the great events of the year was the visit of some distinguished scholar from Oxford or Cambridge to examine the Sixth. How well I remember, in 1867, the coming of Sanday, one of Dr. Pears' most distinguished pupils, then a Fellow of Trinity (another was J. E. Sandys, of St. John's College, Cambridge, now the Public Orator). The kindness with which he showed us how to answer questions, the wealth of his knowledge of English poetry as well as of classical literature, his encouraging sympathy, his experience in method, his own personal unaffected enthusiasm, all these were a delightful and inspiring episode in a boy's life.

There were more homely figures in the circle at Repton: Dr. Hewgill, the School physician, square, short, sturdy, old-fashioned, kindly in his treatment, and successful in his results; Old East, the butler at the Hall, short, bandy-legged, bustling, shrewd, capable and friendly; his wife, a sensible motherly dame, kept a provision shop opposite the Church, where Loraine Estridge lodged; the Miss Meashams, who had the principal sweet-shop in the Market Place on the west side, the rendezvous of the chief boys in the School; the excellent writing master, Hagger, who looked after the village boys; and the bathing-man with his punt, whose name I am afraid I have forgotten.

The Head of the School when I first went there was a very handsome fellow, with dark curly hair, the Captain of the Eleven, and the admiration of all the boys, Herbert Anderson, son of the Bishop of Rupertsland. His career afterwards lay in the East. His elder brother, David, had

been Head before him, and had left a great record behind him for goodness and common-sense: he is now the honoured Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square. The Fanshawes were also conspicuous figures, and have since brought distinction to the School; the day of the Fords had only just begun.

An interesting episode was the levelling of the Upper Paddock by the boys themselves, to make a cricket ground for the Lower School. It was I who started the project by a letter in the Magazine, which we had lately begun: but it was my practical and mathematical friend Aldous (afterwards chief tutor on the Britannia, and son-in-law of Dr. Pears) who made the arrangements for its completion. Notice was brought to our enterprise by the rather memorable discovery of a kiln in which the monks of old had burned their tiles, with a large number of plaques of the most exquisite patterns, which were figured in journals by the Derby antiquarian, Llewellyn Jewitt, and which have been reproduced since in the floors of many a church.

These were very happy days, and I look back upon them with sincere gratitude. I owe much to the genius of the place, to the inspiring friendships, to the atmosphere of work by which the School was characterised, to the friendly and encouraging masters, to the beauty of the surroundings, to the various influences which I have endeavoured briefly to indicate; but above all I, in common with all the rest, acknowledge an obligation of undying thankfulness to the very noble character that made Repton what it was: the genius, the goodness, the high principle, the rare knowledge of men and things, the genuine unaffected Christianity, which we found in our beloved and venerated Dr. Pears.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR (1863—68).

#### LETTER FROM SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

So it is 350 years since the old School was founded and we are to rejoice that it has lived so long, though for that matter 350 years is long or short according to the scale you measure

with. It is only about seven times the present age of the boys of my generation at Repton, just as many times as a week is more than a day, and that we all know by experience is few enough, when the days are happy. As for 50 years, how short they are all put together when one has lived them, and seven times a little is not much !

Surely it was only the other day when we were at Repton, my contemporaries and I. To all of us those days remain more vivid than many a day in the year that has just gone. The trouble is that we remember only in patches, vivid moments with vague areas about them. Trifles of that time arise with a strange vividness, and what then seemed great events are blotted out. I can remember being a new boy as though it were yesterday—the cold, comfortless strange feeling—and the first boy I met, and the questions he asked. I saw him again quite recently, no older, nor to my eyes observably changed. Fortunately our eyes change as fast as the things we look at. It is extraordinary how the grown man we knew as a boy retains his characteristics, the gestures we knew, the little tricks, the movement of the limbs, the action in walking, and so on. Long after his face has been revolutionised these individual details remain. Only yesterday I saw in a public picture gallery an O.R. of my time, whom I have only once seen these thirty years ; I never knew him well even at Repton, and this time I saw only his back, but never doubted for an instant who he was.

As it is with our bodies so much more is it with our minds ; we are what we were at school with very little, if any, fundamental difference. We may have gathered experience and so may refrain from old follies, but we look out on the world with the same eyes, we take ideas in the same old way, we suffer from the same defects, we probably hang on to the same odd scraps of virtue.

Everything that has ever come to me is only the expansion of what came in the old schooldays. It was then that I learned to love nature and to hate discipline and regularity, to my never-ceasing misfortune. It was then that the mountains

called me. When I found an old prismatic compass in the Sixth Form Library and used it to survey the Upper Paddock, my fate as an explorer was fixed. My maps of Himalayas, Andes, and Arctics suffer from the self-same faults and incompletenesses that the Upper Paddock plan displayed.

It was while at Repton that I began antiquarian studies, and there is a footnote in some back number of the journals of the Derbyshire Archæological Society that bears witness to my squeezes of the Repton bells.

If only some one in those days had given a yearly lecture to the School on the history of Repton, how much sooner those antiquarian tastes would have taken shape, and what delightful early reminiscences those would have been to recall. Beyond hearing traditions that Repton had been the capital of Mercian Kings, and that there had been a mediæval convent there and an old tile-kiln, we, of my time, knew nothing of the history of the place.

By-the-bye, what a pity it is that the old 14th century tile-kiln in the Upper Paddock, that cave of mystery under wooden doors that many O.R.s remember, has been filled in and its place not even marked. I trust it has not been destroyed.

It was only the other day that I came across an early 12th century miniature in the British Museum, shewing St. Guthlac receiving the tonsure at Repton from Bishop Hedda of Winchester, with the Abbess Ebba and her nuns looking on. That happened in the 8th century, but no one ever told us anything about it in the old days, and I have had to go through life knowing nothing about St. Guthlac, except that he hung about the Fen country.

It seems to me a blamable negligence that permits generations of school-boys to grow up at a most historic centre, surrounded by Saxon and mediæval ruins, and never tells them what the things were that they see about them. I wonder how many present-day Reptonians could say what was the use of the old Archway they constantly pass under, or when it was built, or why. An hour's talk on such matters by an intelligent man would give the whole School a sounder foundation in

English history than they probably derive from their four years of schooling. It is easiest to teach by the eye: "This is a piece of the 9th century, this of the 14th, this of the 18th." Obvious differences fix themselves on the memory, and other facts can be connected with them.

How much do any of us remember of the things we learned by heart thirty years ago? Personally I remember two whole lines and no more of all the "first lessons" I wasted so much time on learning by rote. The discipline is supposed to have been good; I hope it was—for the other fellows!

It is nonsense to say that boys take no interest in antiquity. Take any Repton boy from the Fourth Form, and let him run up against an American school-boy from the latest of big schools in California; my Reptonian will feel at once that he has a pull over the Westerner in belonging to an ancient School.

Why celebrate this anniversary if age is not a glory? and wherein does age show itself or produce on the modern boy any evidence of its having been, except in the old surroundings it has left?

Repton is amongst all the schools of England one of the most rich in memorials of antiquity. If the masters would be taught for a few hours the history of the place and the facts about its remains, they could make an impression on their boys that would be invaluable to many in after-life.

It is the long past behind us that makes our country our pride, and in the sense of the existence of that past lies the root of patriotism: to encourage this patriotic spirit is admittedly one of the duties of those who undertake the business of education.

How are we in after-life to be proud of our school and to desire to return to her and to cherish her if we know nothing of her story or of her place in times that are gone?

MARTIN CONWAY (1871—74).

#### CHURCH, AND SCHOOL CHAPEL.

BEFORE the Chapel was built the boarders used to attend the services in the Church, where they occupied seats in the



Chancel, two rows of which were continued along the sides even up to the east wall, so that those using these seats knelt against the side portions of the Communion rails, which did not run right across the Chancel.

There were two desks for masters, one on either side just within the Chancel arch. [They are shewn in the drawing by R. H. Bigsby, O.R., at p. 111 of his father's volume.] These desks were furnished with two handsome copies of the Book of Common Prayer presented by Dr. Peile, and bearing a Latin inscription dedicating them "in usum Archididascali," and "Hypodidascali," respectively.

Soon after Dr. Pears came the accommodation was found insufficient, and then half the boys attended Church in the morning and half in the afternoon; a service being held in the evening in Big School for the whole lot.

From 1843 to 1856 the Vicar was Mr. Jones, a dear little old man, in size a great contrast to his huge clerk, Henson, who from his desk in the "Three-decker" had quite as much to do with ordering the services as the Vicar!

Of Mr. Jones the Rev. W. W. Howard, an ex-master of the School, writes: "He was a scholar, a poet, and a great reader "of Metaphysics; his sermons were short, quaint, and pithy." He was a great lover of children, and his familiar figure might often be seen clad in the picturesque costume of which he was the last exponent in Repton. With knee breeches and buckles appearing beneath the accustomed cape, he sometimes carried with him a mysterious bag from which he would produce now and again something for the village children: even kittens have been known to appear from that same bag, which the gentle old man had rescued from a watery grave to delight some little recipient.

The present School Chapel has been evolved from the much simpler and smaller building erected in 1858—59 as a Memorial of the Tercentenary, fifty years ago. The first addition was the apse, which was built in 1867 in memory of Mrs. Pears. In 1880 the nave was extended a couple of bays, and in 1884 the south aisle was added.

After the late war it was decided to erect some memorial to those O.R.s who had fallen in South Africa, and the fund collected for this purpose was laid out in building the Ante-Chapel and Screen at the west end, which were dedicated, together with the new North Aisle, in 1904. In the following year the new Porch, admitting to the Ante-Chapel, and also the enlarged North Transept, were completed.

#### TAKING THE LISTS ROUND.

THIS duty fell to Lower IIInd boys under Dr. Pears, and the privilege was denied to those who entered the School above that level; I suppose that form was called upon to provide the daily messenger because of its proximity to the then Sixth Form Library. I well remember in my first term, when the lot fell upon me, how I distinguished myself by getting shut up in the thickness of the old Priory Wall, for the entrance was between two doors; the outer one from Big School was very heavy and the inner was fastened by a peculiar catch with which I was not then familiar. Unfortunately I allowed the first door to close like a gaol door before I had turned the latch of the other, and then the more I tried, the more the wretched door rattled till at last, when I did emerge into the august presence of the Headmaster, he looked just a little fretty, and his audience appeared anything but sympathetic, being indeed highly amused at my confusion. After the first time the duty was really rather interesting: one had to make the round of the class-rooms to ask the Housemasters "to sign" for those who were on the lists of absentees from the last half-holiday call or the early call at 7.30 school, and then we had to repeat the round to summon any not signed for to the Library after School. It was interesting to form some opinion on these occasions as to the sort of time one might expect in later days if one ever reached the Upper School.

The atmosphere of the Library was as that of the Upper House; it was not always equally serene in the Commons.

As one approached the Audit Room, for instance, at times there might be heard sounds of stormy weather, unless the master had himself enlivened the class with some joke or reminiscence; in the Writing School, too, the weather-glass did not always stand at Set Fair ; some egregiously bad exercise would cause the writer to be summoned to the desk with the warning call, "Come here, sir ! what do you mean by sending up such an exercise as this ?" But the dear man's bark was worse than his bite, and, if one had established a reputation for doing something like one's best, the interview would end with "You can go down, man ! and do better next time."

#### MEMORIES OF THREE CLASS-ROOMS.

THE mention of "The Library" recalls the first visit some of us made there to have our names and date of birth, etc., registered. The Doctor received us standing by the window with the Register open, and with one foot resting (no doubt to encourage us) on the ancient flogging block ! Thence memory takes one on to the time when, after repeating a few hundred lines of one of the Georgics, one was allowed to take a place among the Dii Inferiores on the cross benches facing the Headmaster, the Superiores Dii were enthroned at the long desk facing the window.

I never rose above the cross benches, for Mathematics at Repton were then accounted of as silver in the days of Solomon, and unfortunately my Classics were not brilliant. I think the greatest compliment I ever received in the Sixth was thus expressed : "Well, Messiter, this exercise has no grammar " mistakes and no false quantities, but please don't go away " with the idea that you have sent up a set of *Verses* !" Messiter, not being of the Order of St. John Baptist, meekly bent his head to the gentle zephyr and consoled himself with the idea that he would shortly return to Mr. Crabtree, who would criticize less severely his latest version of the Binomial Theorem or of Euclid vi. 19.

And now having told one against myself, I may be permitted

to add the following, only for the sake of recording my grateful appreciation of the Master's power of teaching even unpromising material. At the first Classical Examination at College, when I had done as much as was required of mathematical candidates, I recognized some Thucydides in the paper, and amused myself by sending up what I could remember of the passage; the following day the Classical Tutor sent for me and actually tried to persuade me to go in for the Classical Tripos! I never told the Doctor of this, but I can picture the smile of pleasure and congratulation with which he would have received the information.

"The Audit Room" recalls memories of Lower Fifth experiences: one morning a boy had neglected to prepare his lesson, having probably given too much time to the hockey game in the School-yard, which was generally played between breakfast and 10 o'clock School. This time he stumbled at "Ventum erat." Not seeing how to commence (nor for that matter how to go on), he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, looking the very picture of misery, till at last encouraged by the cheery exhortation, "Come, you know the second word, of course, and surely you don't stick at the first," he came out with, what we were all waiting for, "There was a wind"! "Yes, Sir! a regular hurricane I should think! You must write out the lesson verbatim." Poor good-natured K., he was not strong in Cicero, he was better at cricket, being in the XI. Probably towards the end of the lesson he was told that as he had afforded us so much amusement the imposition would not be required!

It was of the same master that Archdeacon Sinclair told us at an O.R. Dinner that "Dear old Messiter did not always remember to ask for the impositions he had set."

Another dignitary of the Church records also that being detained by him one day during a cricket match, *Hall v. Houses* I suppose, he asked leave to do his work at some other time because the Hall boys were then batting; the master of the Priory replied, "I am sorry I can't study your convenience on this occasion, but you see, Pollock, that I have specially

arranged that I myself may get out when *my* boys will be battling!"

The following anecdotes were told (more or less periodically I fancy) in the same class-room: A master who generally set impositions with the formula "We'll write out so-and-so so many times," was, of course, called Wheelwright! Another master, who was in the habit of giving his lesson with the assistance of several editions of the author he was teaching, overhearing a boy grumbling that it was "all very well for old X. with all those cribs to help him," came down upon him with "You forget, Sir! that there is good authority for stating that it is the *ass* that knoweth his master's crib!"

I suspect that the Wheelwright and the ass were reminiscences of Rugby, where the narrator had been Captain of the School under Dr. Arnold.

Of "The Writing School," one remembers the desks along either wall, the benches so placed that half of us faced a dead wall and half of us the windows overlooking the Headmaster's kitchen garden. Later I believe they were re-arranged so that the boys were seated facing one another, the ends nearest to the entrance being turned slightly inwards; this plan gave the place the dismal name of "The Coffin."

I don't recall any special incident in this room, but I have heard of the following:

The Master in his zeal for his pupils sometimes detained the boys after the other classes came out at 12.30, at which time the sun generally shone in at the door if it was open, but if it was closed the key-hole was the only portion which admitted sunlight. Once the light was cut off and allowed to re-appear several times in succession. This of course disturbed the class, and the door being suddenly opened discovered a luckless boy in stooping attitude with no key-hole before his eye! After tramping up the room with a somewhat dejected air, he could only defend his action by saying "I wanted to see you, Sir!" This was too much even for Mr. Johnson, and when the laughter had sufficiently subsided he exclaimed "Why, man! you are in my house, surely you can see me any day without peeping into my schoolroom!"

## SOME OLD FRIENDS.

ONE old friend, common to all Repton boys in my day, was that wonderful book the Compendium, described on its title page as

SYNTAXEOS LATINÆ  
NECNON GRÆCÆ  
COMPENDIUM  
IN USUM SCHOLÆ REPANDUNENSIS  
CONCINNATUM.

I believe it was originally compiled by Dr. Peile, and remained in use till it was set aside in favour of The Public School Latin Primer about the end of the Sixties.

A copy before me, kindly lent by Mr. Joseph Gould, contains forty small pages filled with Latin rules and examples in Greek or Latin (not a rule or example in English), but by the time we reached the Fifth Forms we were expected to be able to quote any rule in the little book, examples and all, and a good many of us could do so.

Another old friend, common to all of us above the First Form (for Greek was compulsory in those days), was that even more amazing book, Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, all the rules being in Latin. H. E. Fanshawe tells me he *has heard* that there is an English edition now, but he does not observe that the ordinary Public School boy goes up to Cambridge any better for the change!

The most interesting portion of this volume contained the rules for the formation of tenses, and in Mr. Gould's Upper IInd the great thing was to "arrive at" the Paulo Post Future (I think it was that tense), which by the way many boys took to mean "A little after the Future." The exercise required a steady concentration of memory and thought, introducing on every possible opportunity a suitable quotation from some of the "small print" rules. I remember C. W. Fox being sent up top amidst the plaudits of master and boys, for doing the trick. I suppose he was the first to achieve it among the latest arrivals from Lower IInd. The same youth subsequently gained the School a holiday by winning a Studentship at Christ Church.

A third aid to climbers of the tree of knowledge was Collis' Card. I fancy the author was a Headmaster of Bromsgrove. I know he gave us, with many other concise summaries, a useful little list of those mysterious monosyllabic hieroglyphics, which consist of  $\eta$  alone or which contain that letter adorned with all possible combinations and permutations of breathings, accents and  $\text{,}$  subscript. But I suppose Collis, like that other old friend Euclid, is out of fashion in these days!

To such a list one might add indefinitely, but Butler's Ancient Geography shall conclude the set for the present. That ingenious writer had interwoven a regular forest of quotations chiefly from the poets, and some of these were such mere tags that it was not easy to recognize the scanning on the *spur* of the moment, which was occasionally rather sharp! and thus would slip out a false quantity which somewhat interrupted the even flow of the geography lesson.

#### PUNISHMENTS.

THE old flogging block was in rather frequent use, as I am told, in Mr. Macaulay's reign, and I believe Dr. Peile did not altogether dispense with it. One who had two brothers in the School, though he was not there himself, writes: "Mr. Macaulay " was a strict disciplinarian, and he once condemned my two " brothers to be birched for some offence connected with hunting " squirrels at Foremark; my elder brother would not face the " ordeal and left the School, a great calamity for him; the " younger submitted, and afterwards rose to the Sixth Form." The same writer adds, "All the boys in the Sixth burst into " tears when the announcement of their master's sudden death " was made to them, they had forgotten the floggings."

The block, a harmless-looking couple of steps, used to stand in the Sixth Form Library beyond Big School; it was moved thence when the Pears Hall was built, to its present position in the transformed Big School.

In the Sixties, if not for a couple of decades later, the setting of impositions was sadly overdone; I do not refer to the writing

out a reasonable number of times of broken rules, or to the revising of careless exercises, but to the setting of so many hundred lines, piled on sometimes by several Masters at once upon the same unlucky boy. Some Masters looked upon this as such a mechanical exercise that they selected a certain passage each term for boys to copy over and over again till the required amount of imposition paper was filled! and some of them did not even examine the work, so that boys delighted in writing three or four lines simultaneously exactly alike with three or four quill pens suitably fastened together. Of course this sort of imposition could do nobody any good, indeed it did serious harm to the penmanship of the School. Not a few O.R.s when sending in their returns for the new Register apologized for their illegible writing, ascribing it to the impositions of their schooldays.

The imposition paper by the way was given out by each Housemaster, dated and signed with his initials, and very often the chief penalty incurred was that of thus automatically reporting one's "impots" to the Housemaster; on the other hand the Housemaster sometimes interposed to get the punishment reduced or cancelled, and occasionally he took upon himself to give the culprit who came up too frequently a fresh start *after a caning*, and I have known cases where the boy said he preferred the alternative!

In the Priory I remember the paper was kept in the same cupboard with the cane, at the top of the stone staircase.

Macaulay once set Denman "two hundred original Latin  
" hexameter verses on ' Phaeton driving the chariot of the Sun '  
" to be sent in on or before this day fortnight," because he had  
driven to the Market Cross and back in a carriage which some  
callers had left standing at the entrance of the Hall : un-  
fortunately they and " Jack " were awaiting his return !

S. J. Hendrick

## A YOUTHFUL POLITICIAN.

AT the General Election of 1865 a certain Repton boy determined to distinguish himself by heckling the candidate,



Colonel C. R. Colville, whose colours were not popular in the School. So after the candidate had delivered his address at an open-air meeting in front of the Boot Inn and had declared his willingness to reply to any questions, from among the boys closely crowded on the Old Abbey wall came the startling question, "I want to know why you have turned your coat as I have done." Quickly returned the still more startling reply, "Because before I did so I was a young fool like you!" My friend had succeeded in distinguishing himself indeed, but I believe in an interview which followed he was gently led to see the error of his ways and was probably dismissed with the information, delivered quite calmly, that his Headmaster did not think it wise for mere *boys* to *attempt* to take part in politics! The rash youth, I am glad to say, still lives, but as he was my senior at school and may turn up next Speech Day I think I had better not name him!

#### THE UPPER PADDOCK AND ITS TILES.

LOOKING back over forty years, it is not easy to picture the piece of ground which is now encircled by the temples of science, of cricket, of classics and of grub, as it was in 1866, a rough and tumble field, with a thorn tree in a dingle.

An anonymous writer, "Πρακτικός," in the second issue of the "Reptonian" incited the School to undertake the task of levelling this field for small boys' cricket. A similar enterprise, carried out by some undergraduates at Cambridge, afforded a precedent; and it was "Reptonian" No. 3 that chronicled the inception of the task.

In the spring of 1866 G. S. Messiter and J. C. P. Aldous had the courage to march over the Paddock and mark it out with stakes, no doubt to the derision of the Lower School who looked on with amused contempt at chaps doing anything so unconventional. An old cricket tape of the last season and a water-level [which Aldous had made for himself] formed their instruments of precision.

Having pegged out the whole into square sections, they took

the heights of the corners of these squares above the lowest point of the surface, from which it was easy to calculate the height of the mean level above this lowest point, that is the horizontal plane, above which there was enough soil to fill the vacant space below that plane.

These calculations made it pretty certain that about 2,350 cubic yards had to be moved, besides the top soil.

The old ground-man, Roberts, was in his element, and soon put the amateurs into the way of removing the top soil, which they found to be no small addition to the cubic yards. A start was made by taking up the turf along the contour line of mean level.

The boys who volunteered for work were divided into gangs superintended by two captains, and these soon became expert in the use of the "boning pegs." Among these volunteers not a few, who are now venerable dignitaries of the Church, or distinguished officers in the Army, could be seen then employed as navvies, wielding the pick and shovel and wheeling the barrow.

On the 6th of November the excavation of a hole led to an important discovery; a tile-oven, which had been used for baking tiles in the XIVth century, was brought to light and round about it were many beautiful incised glazed tiles and also encaustic tiles, some of which formed large patterns of extreme intricacy. Two 16-tile patterns were specially noticeable, and were known by their corners as the "griffin" and "dove" patterns. These two have been reproduced by Messrs. Godwyn of Lugwardine Works, Hereford, and in many churches these modern reproductions of the griffin and dove patterns may be seen, *e.g.*, in Wirksworth, and in St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington.

This discovery naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and the kiln was for many years left under doors in the middle of the ground. But this was found to be prejudicial to play on the ground, and also the kiln suffered from the exposure to damp air, so it was carefully covered over.

In March, 1867, the works were stopped and the levelled

portion was turfed ready for the summer term, about half the proposed area being thus available, and play was carried on with satisfactory results.

Immediately after the summer holidays, three roads were cut across the turf, and by the kindness of Lord Chesterfield, who lent trucks and rails from his Bretby Collieries, the wheeling was done away with and three railroads were laid down.

This much increased the zeal of the workers, as running a truck is much better fun than wheeling a barrow; in fact some thought it worth while filling one of the little trucks, for the pleasure of running it to the tip.

It was computed that the work of the volunteers for an hour was equivalent to the work of two navvies for a day.

The last truck was tilted on the Sports Day, 1868.

J. C. P. ALDOUS (1862—68).

At the conclusion of the work, Dr. Pears presented Aldous with a silver wheelbarrow, pick and shovel, bearing the inscription:

I. C. P. ALDOVS  
 REPANDVNENSI OPERVM PRAEFECTO  
 CAMPO QVI VOCATVR SVPERIORE  
 AD LIBELLAM ACCVRATISSIME EXAEQVATO  
 D. D. S. A. PEARS  
 A. S. MDCCCLXVIII.

A representation of the water-level referred to above may be seen in Aldous' "Physics."

The same practical genius measured the distance between the Old Trent culvert and Willington Bridge, and recorded it upon the smaller bridge; he also measured the fall from the outlet of the Old Trent to its junction with the main river, but unfortunately the record of this survey cannot now be found.

There is a most interesting account of the Tile-kiln in Mr. Hipkins' book, "*Repton and its Neighbourhood*."

The best specimens of the tiles were arranged by Aldous, and for some years they were to be seen over the fireplace in Big School, but since the renovation of that room, they have been

placed in the tower of the Pears Hall, where they may be seen by anyone who wishes to inspect them.

In 1890 the Headmaster found it necessary, for the sake of preserving the kiln itself, to protect it in some way from the vibration caused by the constant traffic above it. After consultation with antiquarians and others, it was decided to turf over the doors which had previously covered the spot. There is nothing to prevent an examination of the remains, if at any time there should be good reason for an inspection.

### DR. HUCKIN.

IN February, 1874, the Rev. H. R. Huckin was appointed to succeed Dr. Pears as Headmaster.

The position which Repton had attained amongst the schools of England was so largely due to the personal efforts and personal qualities of Dr. Pears that a change in the Headmastership was viewed with some anxiety by those, who were most deeply interested in the well-being of the School. The success which attended Dr. Huckin's administration from the first was sufficient to set this anxiety at rest; and as we now look back to the years during which he controlled the destinies of the School, and when we refer to the records of the time, we find ample grounds for saying that during these years there was definite growth, definite development and true progress in all that goes to form what is best in the life of a School. The numbers of the School increased, distinctions at the Universities and elsewhere were won with increasing frequency, the games of the School and athletic achievements in general obtained fuller recognition in the outside world, and, more than all this, the moral tone of Repton and the name, already won, for the gentlemanly bearing of boys and "old boys" were fully maintained.

It is not suggested that these results were entirely due to the Headmaster's administration: no one was less inclined than Dr. Huckin himself to claim special credit for this marked progress. His predecessor had not only laid a good

foundation, but had raised a noble structure upon it, and he himself had the skill, assisted as he was by willing and energetic helpers, to profit by his predecessor's labours and to make large and fair additions to what he found already existing.

To give a full and detailed account of merely the leading features of the period under consideration would require far more space than is allowed for this brief sketch, but it is permissible to mention quite shortly some of the salient points in the history of the time.

In the first place, the New Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1874 was introduced and put into good working order. Any one who has had to undertake work of a similar kind will readily understand what careful and tactful consideration was required in dealing with a variety of interests affected by the change.

Secondly, it was found necessary to reorganize the entire sanitary system of the Hall. This was a costly business, and Dr. Huckin spent a very large sum of his own private money in having the work properly carried out.

Again, considerable additions were made to the buildings of the School, and various changes were effected in the School curriculum. Under the former head we may mention the building of rooms for Music and Drawing, a Science Laboratory, and a new Cricket Pavilion, the enlargement of the Chapel and the addition of an organ to it. Changes in the School curriculum included the introduction of a Modern Side, the teaching of Natural Science as a regular subject, the instruction of all boys in the Lower School in Drawing and Singing, the formation of a Musical Society, and the addition of Hebrew to the subjects taken up by the Sixth Form. As regards the Modern Side (or Form), many will remember how careful Dr. Huckin was to explain to parents and others, who were present at Speech-Day gatherings, the pressing need for a Modern Form, and how he succeeded in allaying any anxiety that might have been felt as to the effect likely to be produced as regards the position of Classics in the scheme of the School's

work, by insisting upon the teaching of Latin and Greek as the foundation of true education.

Much as Dr. Huckin did in the way of adding new buildings, there was one notable piece of constructive work, which he had very much at heart, and which circumstances combined to prevent his carrying out. It need hardly be said that this was the building of the Pears Memorial School. It was a constant source of regret to him that an insurmountable difficulty, which was removed shortly after his death, precluded him from undertaking the execution of a work which later generations acknowledge to be one of the finest monuments to be found in any School.

What has already been written may serve to indicate to some extent the many-sided character of Dr. Huckin's labours for the welfare of Repton School. But there is something still to be said—something which seems to us now after the lapse of five-and-twenty years to stand out pre-eminently—and that is the character of the man and the influence, which he brought to bear on those who were fortunate enough to be brought into contact with him. The geniality of his manner, the warmth of his heart, the ready and generous response to any real need for help, the earnest devotion to the interests of the School as a whole—these are points on which our own impressions are distinct enough; but a better and more comprehensive testimony may be found in what was written or said of Dr. Huckin shortly after his death. The Governors of the School recorded their high sense of the valuable services rendered by him: one of the senior masters, who delivered the first sermon that was preached in the School Chapel after Dr. Huckin's death, paid a noble tribute to his fine qualities, to the greatness of the work which he had done, and to the earnestness of his exhortations in his sermons to the School. It may not be out of place to add here by way of conclusion an extract from a letter of an "Old Boy," who was in residence at Oxford at the time of Dr. Huckin's death:

"All Oxford men who knew him—and they are many—are unanimous in the belief that in him Repton has lost not

only a devoted, but a remarkably successful master. Old Reptonians, too, are keenly alive to the fact that his premature death has not only severed one of the links that bind them to their old School, but has deprived each one of them of a valued guide and counsellor, and a warm-hearted and generous friend."

J. N. SWANN (1872—77).

#### LETTER FROM CAPT. E. J. M. BRISCOE.

It seems but yesterday! and yet how many years have passed since I was one of those merry bright-faced little men in the old School yard, racing under the grand old Norman Archway to be in time for "call," playing cricket on the cricket fields, catapulting in "Bull's meadows," fishing at the rapids, exploring Foremark caves, or sitting in the Chapel listening to those broad-minded earnest Sunday afternoon sermons, so much in keeping with the splendid presence and the kind just face of him who gave his life to the service of his grand old School, to the moulding into men of the boys he loved so well.

Surely he has his reward now, and as each of his boys runs the straight course of an English gentleman, crown after crown is placed upon him who used up his vitality, broke down a splendid manhood, and died in what should have been his prime from doing his duty—too well.

Perhaps some of my own reminiscences will recall old times to those who were at Repton with "Foxey," and will possibly interest others who were there before or after me.

I remember a very hard frost one winter; the Old Trent at the back of the Hall was frozen, and sundry villagers used to come and skate on it every night. I was then in one of the two studies in East Hall over Dr. Huckin's study which overlooked the water. Donaldson was head of my study, the head of the other was in the Middle Fifth, in which I also was. He was afterwards a member of the English Football Team: this will be identification enough for his old pals, and I forget his nickname.

Well, he and I thought it would be great fun to bombard the villagers, especially as we knew that they would retaliate. We selected a night when Donaldson would be away, having extra tuition for Woolwich. On that afternoon my pal went to Derby, ostensibly to see his dentist, but really to buy S.S.G. bullets. We arranged with one or two studies in West Hall whose heads were not in the Sixth to join us in the attack, assisted also by a corps of boys who were forbidden by their heads to use catapults *in their studies*; so we placed them to line the windows in the lavatory passage instead. We prepared for action by running up the lower window sashes and hanging great coats over them. We made embrasures by placing coal scuttles in the corners of the windows, so that we could fire through the opening made by the curve of the scuttle. All being ready, we gave the signal and the firing commenced.

At first there was a dead silence, then came shouts and then a regular hail of stones against the whole front of the Hall. In the middle of the battle Robson, the head of the house, burst into the room: "The Headmaster wants you all in the dining-hall!" Down we went, feeling rather queer; the Doctor was there looking very angry; we afterwards heard that hearing the awful smashing of windows he had rushed out to expostulate with the mob, but had been driven back by a shower of stones. "Every boy who has been catapulting stand up," came his words—that meant a caning. Quite half the house stood up; I suppose he felt that, strong man as he was, he could not cane thirty boys; so, after pitching into us pretty hotly, he told us we were all gated for the rest of term, and must write—I forget exactly how many—lines.

Dear old fellow! the gating was relaxed in three days, not half the lines were ever written, and our people had to pay for the broken windows.

The sergeant was detailed to patrol outside every night after that; we pretended that we thought he was a "bumpkin" coming to break the windows, and hurled pieces of coal at him accordingly till he sung out.

I remember a rather good draw on another occasion: a boy



in Mr. Johnson's house had been caned by the Sixth, his friends were supposed to have threatened vengeance. It occurred to "Edith," "Barney" and myself that there was some fun to be got out of this. We wrote a notice as follows: "Revenge is sweet, there will be a meeting of the Faction at six o'clock this evening outside the Arch." Whilst the Lower boys were in Big School preparing their morning work I went up and posted this notice on the old door. We also dropped a few notes about the School yard to members of the Sixth, something like this: "A well-wisher advises you to keep indoors this evening."

Well! there was the wildest excitement throughout the School about it all, and Mr. Forman said he would be there also with a big stick!

The Doctor had hardly said grace at tea before the whole house bolted off to see the fun; we three eat our tea and "club" marmalade, and leisurely followed them. The whole School was surging up and down between the Arch and the Chapel till finally some of the crowd pushed on almost up to Mr. Johnson's house, when he came out enraged by such an invasion and furiously demanded what we wanted. Suddenly the boy who had been caned appeared; he was received with frantic cheers and was lifted on to a passing cart, from which he made the following speech: "I don't know in the least what you fellows are fooling about here for, nor anything about the notice. I deserved the licking I got and don't bear the least malice to anybody for it." This rather cooled things down and all ended well, without the aid of Mr. Forman's big stick.

Donaldson left at the end of that term and "Whitmore" got the study. If he was put in to keep me quiet (we were equal in seniority) it was a mistake. He had a six-chambered revolver and I had a Deringer pistol, so had "Edith" and so had "Joey"; the other boy in the study was a quiet fellow. We used to practise at a target on the wall (behind a picture): when Whitmore wanted to fire his revolver the rest of us jumped on the floor to deaden the report, as we were directly over the Doctor's study.

The quiet fellow had a bad time, he thought we were all mad. Now and again one of us would suddenly shout "Let us kill 'Puttey Mug'!" and we went for him with chairs, fencing sticks, bats, etc. He used to rush for the poker: of course we never touched him, but many a shrewd blow we got from that poker ourselves.

We found out that the landing outside the study door was hollow underneath, and it struck us what a splendid cave it would make; so we cut a hole into it through the wood and bricks at the back of a cupboard and used to hide in it.

There was a very industrious boy in East Hall whose study had a cupboard underneath the stairs going to the bedrooms. We bored two holes in one of the stairs and hung on a string sundry oil cans, pots, etc.; we then passed the ends of the string through the holes, and when all was quiet of an evening we pulled the string away and let all the cans crash to the ground. This went on night after night and the boys thought that their study was haunted.

One of those early trainings which make men of our boys was the splendid exhibition of pluck and dogged perseverance in the final match for the House Football Cup, between the Priory and West Hall. One season in particular I remember, the contest was renewed day after day, so even were the teams that neither could score. The whole School yelled itself hoarse shouting "Red," "Blue." I can see dear old Tommy Hughes even, who usually took no interest in the games, stalking up and down in a thick overcoat and continuously yelling "Go it, Blue!" to his house team. So keen was the spirit of rivalry that we of "The Hall" deemed it prudent to march to and from the arena in solid phalanx headed by our "Reds," for we half expected an attack from the rest of the School who were "Blues" to a man! Of course one feels now that we might have known that Repton boys were too good sportsmen to do anything of the sort.

This is one of the mental photographs which I can always recall, another is that of the magnificent swipes of Steel and Ford; smack! smack! against the wall from Steel, or over it

from Ford, and the beautiful cricket of those neatest of bats, Green Price sen. and Exham, in the year when, with no compulsory cricket, Repton had the third best Public School XI. in England.

What fun it was! and what a grand old School it was! Such a good tone! The prevalent idea was, and the Masters always supported it, that a Repton boy could not act but as a gentleman. Thank God! Repton's sons have still the reputation of acting up to this standard. And now where are those whom I knew in my day at the dear old School? One thing I will guarantee, that they live or have died worthy of the title of "English Gentlemen." God guard them all and ever grant "Floreat Repandunum."

E. J. M. BRISCOE (1877—81).

#### LETTER FROM H. J. SIMMONDS.

I AM afraid my recollections of Repton are rambling and commonplace, but they bring back to me the five best years of my life.

I went to the Priory in September, 1881, and had the proud distinction of beginning life there as the fag of the present Headmaster. His study, which has unfortunately disappeared, was on the left-hand side at the end of the passage into the yard (then a garden) up a dark, narrow, and apparently very unsafe staircase. It was a curious little room with a sloping roof, and one always wondered why it had been chosen by the Fords, who must have had more difficulty in standing upright in it than most people, but it was a comfortable room and had an individuality of its own.

For my first three years the present Headmaster was Head of the House, and from 1882 to 1884 was also Head of the School, exercising an extraordinary influence and an authority which does not often fall to the lot even of the Head of a School. I hope it is unnecessary to add that he was Captain of the Eleven in 1884 and during all three years the best Fives player in the School.

In those days we of the Priory fancied ourselves considerably and no doubt most unduly. We regarded the Cricket Cup as our own particular possession—it only left the Priory once before the year 1887—and had a belief (for which I still think there was some ground) that for the Football Cup we always made a much better fight than on paper we had the least right to do. Consequently (like Englishmen on the Continent) we were not much beloved by the rest of the School.

In this connexion the great feat in the Summer Term of 1882 of the Priory under 16 cricket—or at least of two individuals—is worth remembering. Against Mr. Joseph Gould's house, Francis Ford and Kelsey got 200 and 100 runs respectively and then retired. The rest of the team did not bat and Mr. Joseph Gould's house got eight in each innings, Ford and Kelsey doing the bowling. In the following term the Priory football team, of which only two members were in the first game, neither of whom was a cap of honour, drew (5 all) in the final for the cup with Hall West, which comprised four caps of honour (including Spilsbury) and four others in the first game. I am afraid I must add that, when the draw was played off, they were beaten 9—0.

With the Hall we combined on rare occasions as together forming the houses "inside the Arch," but otherwise the rivalry was considerable between the Hall and the Priory. The Hall was then divided into Hall East and Hall West, and it was the firm belief in the Priory that the leading athletes in the Hall were systematically drafted into one or other of the Halls, so as to ensure as large a number of the cups as possible going to the Hall. The subsequent separation of the Hall by Dr. Furneaux into alphabetical divisions made this unworthy suspicion no longer possible.

The internal arrangement of the Priory has seen many alterations since those days. Our yard was a very small one beyond the studies at the end of Mr. Vassall's garden. Yard cricket flourished exceedingly, but the pitch was so short that fast bowling was barred as being unplayable and there was

much art in bowling as fast as possible without being no-balled. But we had a garden as well, where the present yard is. Usually this was given over to hockey and football, but occasionally there was a rage for pets of all kinds, when rabbits, white rats, owls, birds of various kinds, and once, if I remember right, ducks all found a habitation there.

Talking of the garden, I wonder whether any pre-historic weapons were found there when it was turned into a yard? I met an O.R. only a few weeks ago who told me how one night in the Seventies he and a friend collected all the study shovels (hiding their own to evade discovery), and buried them in the Priory garden. So far as he knew they were never discovered in his time.

In 1881 there were still survivals of the time when the Priory had been divided between the Second and Third Masters. Thus the large study on the right of the passage into the yard was not a study, but was still used as an occasional class-room, and was known as Mr. Clucas' room (Mr. Clucas being the last of the Third Masters to live in the house, and indeed the last Master who bore that title). Mr. Vassall's study was our reading room and library, and we collected there on Speech-Day—the old School-room was too small to allow of the School being present. There were stories, too, of boys who evaded being late for prayers by getting into the School-room through the Reading-room instead of being cut off at the steps. Punctuality—or at least such punctuality as was required at morning prayers to secure the House challenge clock—was another virtue on which we prided ourselves.

The site of the Pears Hall was then the Headmaster's vegetable garden, and he had there a small greenhouse of which the glass sometimes got broken by our 'podges,' especially at the end of the term. After a worse breakage than usual, the Headmaster (Dr. Huckin) complained to Mr. Hipkins. But Mr. Hipkins always stood up for his house, and only suggested that, as the Priory was in existence before the greenhouse, the difficulty might be solved by the removal of the latter!

During my first year at Repton, Dr. Huckin was Headmaster, but he was ill during most of the time, and he is not much more than a name to those of my generation. For a term Mr. Johnson acted as Headmaster very successfully, and in January, 1883, the present Dean of Winchester came into residence. It is not necessary to dwell on all that he did for the School, but the marvel was the way in which he carried the School with him. So far as their School is concerned, all right-minded boys are Tories; and we were very right-minded. But somehow or other after the first shock we cheerfully accepted the Headmaster's reforms (I was going to say 'welcomed,' but the word doesn't suit our attitude to reforms), even when they came to us with the recommendation that they were imported from Marlborough. There can be no doubt that, for various reasons, Repton was very much behind most other Public Schools in its buildings when Dr. Furneaux came as Headmaster, and there can be as little doubt as to the energy and success with which he tackled the difficulty. Not only by what he did himself, but by the spirit in which he worked, a standard was set from which there is not likely to be any looking back.

But the buildings are there to speak for themselves, and it is of Dr. Furneaux as a teacher that I should like to say something. I don't think that I ever came across anyone who was so inspiring. The weekly hour when he criticised our attempts at Latin Prose were a fearful joy. If there was the delight of listening to some pungent criticism of other people's efforts, there was also the uncomfortable feeling that one's own turn was coming, but there was also the real appreciation by the Headmaster of anything—rare enough—which showed any scholarly feeling. To the mathematician whose Latin Prose capacities were small, he was fond of quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Those who are good at Mathematics are good at 'nothing else.'" I am afraid that he never taught me to do Latin Prose, but he did teach me how to think—so far as I was capable of learning the lesson. But it was the same whether it was a Greek Play, or Vergil, or Political Economy, or

History, and it has always been a matter of regret to me that I spent in doing extra Mathematics much time which otherwise would have been spent in learning from the Headmaster.

What impressed us most at the time was, I think, the trouble which he obviously took in preparing his work for us, as contrasted with the trouble we had taken over our preparation for him. The result was to make lessons which might easily have been dull enough anything but dull.

In some ways, perhaps the Divinity lesson is still most vivid in my memory. I never hear a Lesson from either of the Epistles to the Corinthians without recollections of Sunday and Monday mornings in the old Sixth Form Library springing up. The Headmaster's enthusiasm was very contagious, and the insight which one seemed to get into the mind of St. Paul made the lesson supremely interesting.

The Pears School was first used in my last term in 1886 and, on that occasion, the usual Speech Day performances were dispensed with. Speeches were made by Mr. Justice Denman, the Headmaster and others, and perhaps the best of all was made by Mr. Johnson. It was not altogether an occasion of satisfaction to him, as the building of the School had made necessary the destruction of the old "Writing School," a detached building in the schoolyard in which he had taught his form for many years. It was, I suppose, quite unsuited for a class-room, and would have been condemned without hesitation by any Elementary School Inspector, but I confess that I was sorry when it went. My recollections of the two terms I spent there under Mr. Johnson are very pleasant. Before getting into his form one heard awe-inspiring stories of his severity, but he was always scrupulously fair and treated us with great courtesy and consideration. I might add many more recollections, but I remember that "anecdote" is the next stage worse than "dotage," and I forbear.

H. J. SIMMONDS (1881—86).

## THE SCHOOL NUMBERS.

FROM the Depositions of the Trial in 1664 we find that there had been *about* 80 boys in the School when it was only 40 years old; the numbers, including no doubt a very large proportion of day-boys, seem to have fluctuated between 100 and 200 during the first 60 years of the seventeenth century.

There were 70 boys in the School under Mr. Gawton on June 7th, 1714, and Mr. Bigsby tells us that there were about 150 boys in Dr. Prior's time.

Of Dr. Stevens it is recorded that he had "one Boarder, "Bob Shaw"; this is noted in a diary of one who knew Shaw's family well. It would also appear, from the following passage in Mr. Bigsby's History, that for a time at least there was only one boy in the School! "A facetious character, a "late auctioneer at Derby, used to boast that he was Captain "of Repton School in Dr. Stevens' time. He boarded with "the Writing Master (2nd Usher), and was the only boy "whom the Doctor had to instruct."

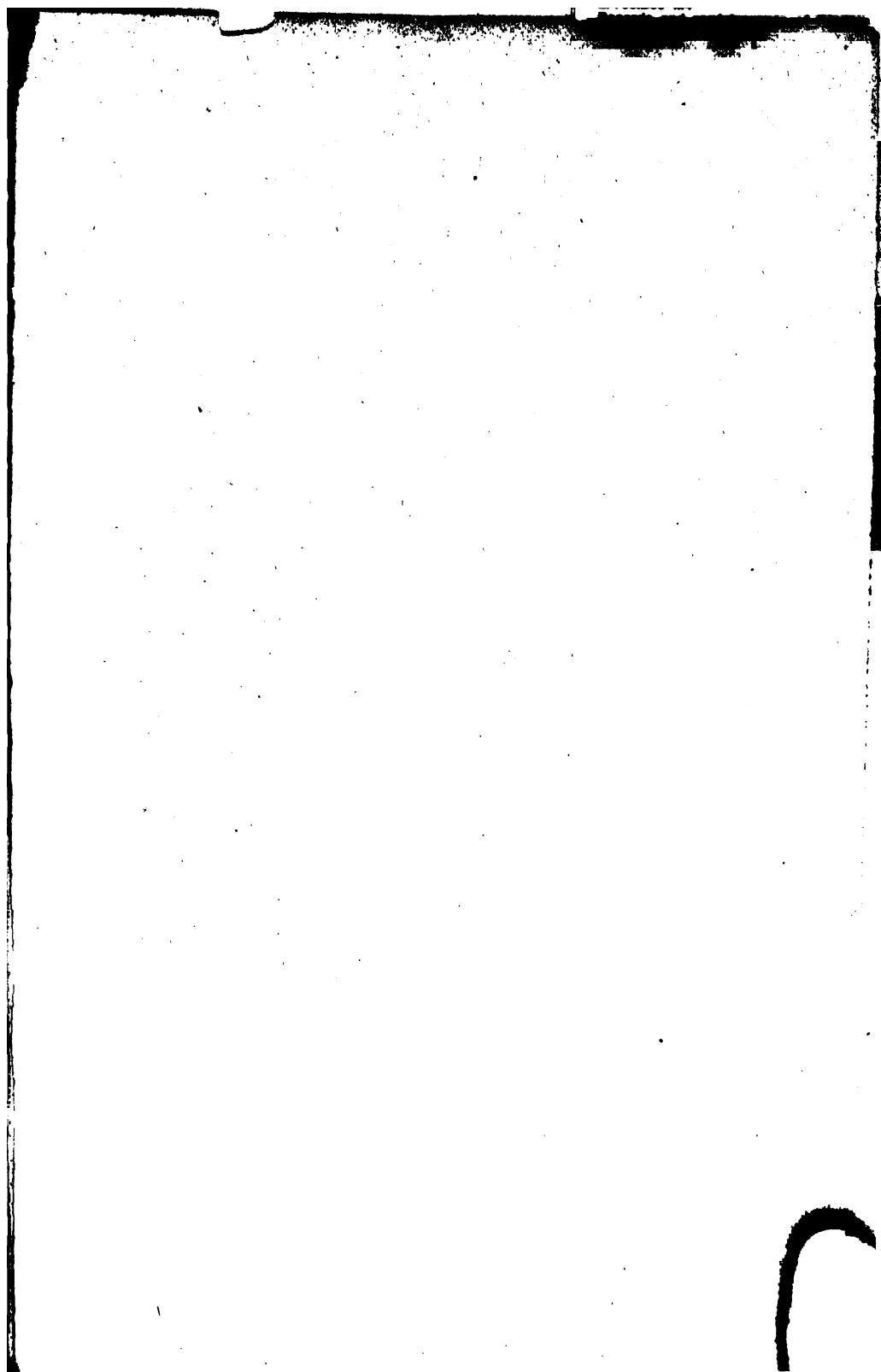
Mr. Macaulay's first half-year list, dated December, 1832, contains the names of 37 boys. Dr. Peile found 35 boys in the School in 1841, and Dr. Pears' first list of Christmas, 1854, contains only 48 names. Before he left he was able to enter in his latest four or five lists as many as 260 names.

Under Dean Furneaux the numbers reached 300 in January, 1890, and 318 in 1893. As I go to press I hear from Repton (February, 1907), "There are 319 boys this term, likely to be over 330 next term, and still more in September."

A happy commencement of the old School's 350th Anniversary: may the omen be followed, not only by an accession of mere numbers, but by a further outpouring of Heaven's best blessings upon our beloved Alma Mater!

G. S. M.







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